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TREVELYAN CELEBRATES A HERO

Manin and a Dramatic Moment in Italian History

A Review by
H. NELSON GAY

MANIN AND THE VENETIAN REVOLUTION OF 1848. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. 284 pp. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1923.

THE decadence of the Republic of Venice—"wealth and glory turned to dust and tears"—with the pusillanimity and humiliation of its fit exponent, Ludovico Manin, the Doge who finally extinguished the flickering flame of independence—this much is known to all the world. But the resurrection, the work of another Manin, who felt no oligarchic blood stagnating in his veins, and received no caste support in his semi-miraculous achievement, is understood by few beyond the horizon of the Alps and the Adriatic."

Trevelyan's volume brings a distinct contribution to English literature upon this later phase—a group of events constituting one of the most thrilling cantos in the heroics of Italy's reawakening. It is history, rather than biography; history studied with considerable pains and told with the author's usual charm and lucidity. Manin appears as the central figure, about which the Venetian warp of revolutionary ideals and achievements is stretched. He is a plain man, a practicing lawyer of Jewish extraction, a great patriot and a great leader measured by his deeds, but not a Garibaldi, not a hero of romantic exploits and dramatic successes, such as those which gave lustre to Trevelyan's earlier volumes upon Italy.

"The Italian risorgimento still draws the attention of posterity for many reasons," declares our historian. "No other national movement in history has three such contemporaries to show as Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi. But the revolution in Italy was rendered admirable not by these three alone. In every province men of ability and virtue controlled and guided the patriotic passions by which they and their fellow-countrymen were impelled. At the head of these men, in a class by himself below those three greatest, stands Daniele Manin.

"His influence hardly extended beyond the Venetian islands, and his activities as a statesman did not outlast two years. He did not live to act as Cavour's lieutenant on the stage of all Italy, in the spacious days of her redemption, after the lessons of the failure of 1848 had been learned by the patriots himself included. How great a man such wider opportunities would have shown him to be, no one can ever tell. As compared to the lives of Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi—Shakespearean themes—Manin's career preserves the unities of place and time—the stage is the mountain-watched lagoon and the city that floats on it, the time is the tragic years 1848-49."

Manin displayed a number of qualities rarely found in combination; in the days when the employment of force against despotic Austrian domination would have been foolhardy, he was the leader of astute, peaceful, legal opposition; he recognized the hour when revolution was possible and, almost unaided, carried the people into it; yet he had the good sense and the magic power to curb revolutionary zeal within bounds, at the same time that he held popular enthusiasm at the highest pitch and, even in disaster, maintained unlimited popular confidence in himself. "He found the power to inspire others with his own courage and endurance for twelve months after Italy's best hopes had been shattered."

We agree to all this and we love the sturdy bespectacled lawyer as Trevelyan pictures him, but though fully acknowledging Manin's inspired political wisdom and his very real influence upon national issues, we cannot bring ourselves to think of regarding him as "in a class by himself below the three greatest"—below the three, yes, no one would dream of denying that, but not in a class by himself above Victor Emmanuel II., Ricasoli and Gioberti in the national pantheon of Italy's risorgimento. Manin was a great man, and great in his achievements, but Trevelyan has given him too high a rôle, with the inevitable result that this volume falls in its dramatic de-

Manin Proclaims the Republic in Venice, March 22, 1848.

From a Rare Print in the Reviewer's Collection

velopment and climax. It would seem that Trevelyan himself felt this, for his narrative lacks the confident tone of his earlier works on Italy, of which Garibaldi was the protagonist.

The revolution of Venice was only a part of the general Italian revolution against foreign domination and local governmental oppression, in which the various States then composing the peninsula individually participated. It is necessary to understand the general movement in order to understand its manifestations in the various States, and it is particularly necessary to understand the Italo-Austrian campaign of 1848 in the Veneto and the Plains of Lombardy, if one would justly appreciate the difficulties, the disappointments and the heroism of the glorious defense of the City of Venice in the midst of its lagoons. But Trevelyan sacrifices a precious third of his brief volume to the dry political and military details of this general campaign on the mainland, to which his narrative offers no original historical contribution. It is one thing to stroll over battlefields following in the footsteps of a Garibaldi, and quite another, at least for Mr. Trevelyan's readers, to trace the errors of strategy and commissariat of a Franzini, the gouty and unfortunate Piedmontese General of 1848.

The most tragic scenes of this ill-prepared Italian revolution of 1848 and 1849, unsuccessful in its immediate issue, but far-reaching for Italy and for Europe in its influence upon later national and international developments, were enacted in the long, stubborn defense of Venice itself, then a city of 200,000 inhabitants. To this defense Trevelyan dedicates his last too-brief forty pages. It is a grim tragedy, with famine and cholera added to the ordinary horrors of war and siege—seven thousand projectiles thrown by the besiegers into one outlying fort in a few hours, and later two-thirds of the city under constant bombardment. "The cholera grew worse. Men, women and children, weakened by famine, fell an easy prey to disease. * * * Medical stores had run out, wine and spirits were finished, fish and flesh were very rare, and the polenta and vegetables on which almost every one had to live" were running out. Ammunition also was becoming scarce.

After the defeat of the Piedmontese army far away on the mainland, on March 23, 1849, the hopes of Venice had run to a low ebb. But the Venetian Republican Assembly had gathered undismayed in the Ducal Palace on April 2, and in the magnificent hall of the Maggior Consiglio that looks out over the wide lagoon had decreed without a dissenting voice:

Venice will resist Austria at all costs. President Manin is invested, for that purpose, with unlimited powers.

It was the spirit of the Dandolos of the old republic of past ages and past glories reincarnate. There was but a bare possibility of some favorable turn in the general European situation, a forlorn chance; but hope is eternal. "At sunset the distant Alps were often to be seen from the lagoon: surely, some day, help would come from behind their mystic barrier."

The full desperation of the situation, and the dogged courage with which it was met, may be understood from a dispatch of the British Consul General at Venice, Clinton Dawkins, sent out to Lord Palmerston in May:

I went myself to Signor Manin and pointed out to him the perfect inutility of further resistance, the utter hopelessness of relief being afforded to him by any foreign Government, the additional sacrifices which each day's opposition would infallibly entail upon Venice, and lastly, the immense responsibility which he personally would incur by causing the loss of so many lives.

I found Signor Manin much cast down and disposed to receive my representations in a very friendly spirit, but although admitting the truth of them, I regret to say, they entirely failed in producing the desired effect. * * * He returned to the language already used by him to me, viz., that it was impossible to put any faith in Austria; that the utter ruin of Venice if it fell into her hands was certain; that it would be better to die than to survive and witness such a state of things; that although under present circumstances resistance did appear hopeless, yet that, powerful as was the Austrian besieging force, the position of Venice gave it still the means, if well defended, of resisting for some time longer; that the ill-success of the French expedition to Rome would probably produce a change of Ministry in France; that the success of the Hungarians might require the entire withdrawal of the Austrian force from Italy, &c. * * *

I again urged him to take some step in a conciliatory sense; I also begged him to consider his own position. * * * And I entreated him to make use of the influence he possessed over the people while that influence yet remained in his hands, begging him to beware lest it should fall from him altogether. To all my representations * * * Signor Manin's constant reply was: It is impossible—I cannot surrender—I cannot surrender—I cannot trust the Austrians—I am here to resist."

The besieged lagoon was ninety miles in circumference, and contained nearly sixty forts, large and small, garrisoned by an army of about 18,000 men, of whom several thousand were always down with fever. Against them there were 30,000 troops, besides the Austrian fleet, and behind the Austrian Army and fleet there were the resources of an empire whose population numbered 37,000,000, of which more than half a million men were listed as soldiers. The blockade had been made effective by both land and sea. The Austrians boasted that between May 4 and May 27 they had thrown 60,000 projectiles into the single Fort Malghera; "most of the cannon in the fort had been dismantled, every sixth man had been hit and every third artilleryman, the west side of the fortifications had been breached, and in the Fort Rizzardi only two cannon out of sixteen were in a state to be fired. But when at the end of May Malghera was evacuated, defense of the city on this quadrant was carried over to—(Continued on Page 11)

An Author Who Had Too Much Talent

Maurice Barres, Writer and French Patriot

Maurice Barrès Sketched During One of His Last Speeches in the Chambre des Deputes, in Paris.

By JOSEPH BRAININ

WITH the death of Maurice Barrès just recently, France loses the man whose influence on the generation born after 1870 was perhaps the greatest. The influence of this Lorrainer—born sixty-one years ago—grew constantly, and reached its apex during the great war. In the twenty years before the war it was Maurice Barrès who, more than any one else, perpetually fanned the révanche sentiment, who ever deplored the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and, demanding their restitution, spurred on the French youth to action. In his monthly, Les Taches d'Encre, which he edited when he was only 22, he wrote impassioned articles proclaiming the redemption of the lost provinces his life's work: "We young men have the definite task of recovering our amputated head, of restoring the ideal of France." And later, too, he devoted to this task all his fiery personality, his extraordinary literary talent, and his poetically sensitive soul.

His words struck a responsive chord both in the intellectuals and in the masses of France. From all his writings there emanates an ardent will, a frequently mystic faith, that roused the younger generation to national consciousness. His greatest hour was in November, 1918, when the French troops made their triumphal entry into Metz and Strasbourg. He was there, of course, beside Marshal Pétain and Generals Castelnau and Gouraud. Here, for the first time, this finely discerning writer was unable to express what he felt: "My heart is too small, and my spirit too weak. To the final minute of our lives, until we close our eyes for the last time, our consciousness will retain the spark engendered in these great days."

The literary career of the young Barrès developed, for a time, along lines that were far from nationalistic. When his magazine, Les Taches d'Encre, foundered, after an existence of only a few months, he went to Italy. It seemed as if he had been disappointed by his journalistic activity, by the direct contact of his ideas with the people. He withdrew from all social life; he retired into his ego, which he probed, dissected and analyzed mercilessly. Philosophy became his favorite study, and he fell under the influence of Kant, Fichte, Hartmann, Hegel and Nietzsche.

From this period dates "Sous l'oeil des Barbares," the first book of his "Trilogie du moi." It is the protest of an ultra-sensitive character that feels out of place in a world created neither by nor for it. Barrès's credo is a cult of the ego, which defends itself against the barbarians that surround it—or, rather, arrives for an independent existence. He calls barbarians all those who want to impose on him a different conception of life. The same term he applies to the dead who have forced on us a poisonous social order—in short, all "the others" are barbarians. "I want to be myself," he cries; and he affirms that we will find common happiness only when every one is true to himself and sincerely seeks his own happiness.

"Un homme libre" and "Le Jardin de Bérénice," the other two books of the trilogy (which he finished in 1891), develop the same Peer Gyntian thesis. In the next year he published "L'ennemi des lois," a book that aroused universal attention. In this book Barrès deals with the conflict between the social order and an ethical-minded thinker—a thinker who, like Goethe, is too much of an esthete to attempt any reform. This book, like the others, is called a novel. It is, however, much more a collection of philosophical dialogues—keen, logical and fearless dialogues between the main characters, who are not disturbed in their discussions by any actual plot.

These early works are decidedly youthful in their impertinent intolerance, in their poetic-lyric moods, in the misty, dreamy descriptions. And yet, however contradictory it may appear, the tone of these novels is one of mature skepticism that seems to say: "Why should I get excited? My observations will not change the world, anyway." This attitude saves the author of these "novels" from becoming a pamphleteer.

His writing here is surely not pure art; but his style is always artistic, finely chiseled, never too pedantic, and seldom tiresome—a style reminiscent of the young Anatole France. This style is the reason why the anarchistic tendencies of the youthful Barrès were not taken seriously, why no salon closed its doors to him. The critics of that time, led by Jules Lemaître, said of this young man (who was already then addressed by even some of his elders as "notre maître"): "Barrès has much talent, rather too much. He has to get rid of his superfluous energy. He is trying to find himself; and he will succeed in due time."

It was after another disappointing experience with men and life that a radical change took place in Barrès. He had, in 1889, thrown himself enthusiastically into the political arena as a Boulangist deputy. His four years in Parliament, however, proved colorless and uneventful. This sensitive individualist felt uncomfortable and helpless in the technical parliamentary atmosphere. Besides, he suffered much from the fact that he was a poor speaker, afflicted with a shrill voice that evoked laughter in the most serious moments. A well-known journalist gave this description of the Deputy Barrès: "He could have been taken for a boy of 10. A tall, lean figure, very pale, beardless cheeks, a few sorry hairs between the nose and mouth, the nose long and crooked, the thick black hair parted in a slanting line. He always looked discontentedly about the room, like a student who is bored at the lecture." After he had, without regrets, left the Parliament and had written a comedy, "Une Journée Parlementaire" (1894), in which he ridiculed the life of the Deputies so well that the play was suppressed, he again withdrew into himself.

And now, at last, Maurice Barrès found himself. It was on an evening of 1894, in a graveyard near Charmes, his native town. Rather mystically he tells how the earth and the dead spoke to him, how his ego, until then lonely, yearned for roots, how it stretched out toward them because it felt itself as an entity with the generations of the past and of the future. "A young man detached from his nation is worth hardly more than a single word taken out of its context."

It would have been difficult for any other man to admit this sudden swerving from the religion of the ego to a glowing, traditional nationalism. But not for Barrès. With him this change was a logical step in the evolution of his ego. It had taken root at last; and now again he made nationalism his life's work. His skeptitism and serene Olympian aloofness were forgotten. In his new trilogy, "Le roman de l'energie nationale"—which included "Les déracinées" (1897), "L'appel au sol" (1900) and "Leurs figures" (1902)—he exalts patriotism, glorifies the French tradition, and unmasks the pseudo-patriotic publicmen who deform youths instead of forming them. Maurice Barrès, the patriot, acquired many enemies at this time, for he spared none, even among the living statesmen. In these so-called novels, particularly in "Leurs figures," his caustic pen portrayed the most prominent politicians of the Boulangist period and of the Panama scandals.

But even in this polemical writing Barrès the fighter never entirely absorbs Barrès the artist. As in his later works, such as "Scènes et doctrines du nationalism" (1902) and "Au service de l'Allemagne" (1905), he handles all problems and personalities with kid gloves and never descends to any vulgar argumentation. His treatment of these concrete questions is neither dry nor boring. When he speaks of nationalism—and his Leitmotif now is soil and tradition—he becomes mystical, and his tone is so impassioned, so intense in its faith, as to compel the youth of France to follow him.

At the age of 44 he was elected one of the forty Immortals of the Académie Française. In France this usually means that the author in question is fit to appear in polite society, that he follows the literary tradition, and that he is a good stylist. Often, too, it means that he has passed the climax of his career. But this was not the case with Maurice Barrès who was exceedingly productive in the years from 1907 to 1914. The works of this period all have the same motif—the saving of the spiritual tradition of France and the recovery of the lost provinces. At this time, too, his writings have a strong admixture of Catholic sentiment, which he considers a heritage from his ancestors.

Shortly before the war he published another novel, "Colette Baudoche; histoire d'une jeune fille de Metz." In this work, which has more of a plot than the majority of his other "novels," he came to the conclusion that harmony between France and Germany was impossible as long as Alsace-Lorraine remained severed from the rest of his country. The honor of France forbids it—the dead demand that they be avenged.

The war was the most glorious and active chapter of Maurice Barrès's life. He had often been charged by his opponents of not actually believing in the political realization of his dreams to recover the lost provinces. They had foretold that his poetic soul would stand aghast at the sight of the actuality of his aspiration. To these opponents he now gave an incontrovertible answer.

During the years of the war he wrote for L'Echo de Paris every day, without a single omission, his immediate reaction to the war news. As though inspired by a special mission he remained an optimist in the darkest moments of the war. He wrote that, like Jeanne d'Arc (his favorite character in French history), he heard voices that France would be victorious. In order to obtain first-hand information he often visited the trenches of the western front. He traveled to Italy, and there, through interviews with various literary personages, consolidated the relations between that country and France. He visited England several times, and discussed the current situation with the statesmen there. He had such a meeting with Lloyd George, whom he described as "a little man with a dreamy face." Barrès also had the good fortune of seeing the naval battle of Jutland from a hydroplane. In his descriptions of this experience he was a poet again: "The blue cloak of the sea dotted with the bees of the fleet; and then, as you go up, that loneliness in broad space, close to heaven—what beauty, what inspiring moments! In all my life I have never seen anything as imposing." He nearly forgot to describe the battle.

This feverish work was exactly to his liking. Not for an instant did he doubt the result, provided the best forces of France could be mobilized. It was Maurice Barrès who first hailed and continually cemented the "union sacrée." Without mercy he hounded the defeatists, and demanded and brought about the dictatorship of Clemenceau. Much could be told of the work of Barrès during the war, much that would stamp this romantic dreamer as a man of action.

In the few years since the war he again was politically active as a Deputy. Although he had by this time educated himself to be a compelling speaker, he took part in few debates. Not long after the conclusion of peace he brought through a bill appointing a national holiday in honor of Jeanne d'Arc.

But Maurice Barrès, the ever-discontented seeker, was not completely satisfied with the restitution of the lost provinces. He demanded the Rhine as the natural boundary of France. With much research and collection of material he sought to find a historic basis for his demand. His "Le genie du Rhin" (1920) is a masterly study of the spiritual tradition of this region. * * * Death interrupted his new work.

France mourns in Maurice Barrès one of her most romantic and fervent patriots.

Town and Country Churches

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES. By H. N. Morse and Edmund De S. Brunner. Foreword by Charles J. Galpin. 170 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THIS survey of the religious side of country life in the United States is deduced from data obtained from 170 counties and from intensive studies made in twenty-five counties. It is one of a series of comprehensive presentations that are being made by the Committee on Social and Religious Surveys, of which John R. Mott is the Chairman and among whose members are Ernest D. Burton, Raymond B. Fosdick, James L. Barton, W. H. P. Faunce, Kenyon L. Butterfield. In the making of the book the authors availed themselves as far as possible of the results of the town and country survey of the Interchurch World Movement which, by the time that movement collapsed, had been organized in more than two-thirds of America's 3,000 counties and had obtained results of some value in as many as 1,000 of these counties. Much of this, as well as material in the United States Census, has been used in the course of the survey and its accompanying discussion, but the basis has been afforded chiefly by the data obtained from the intensive survey of twenty-five representative counties in different parts of the country, of which exhaustive and detailed analysis was made, to which were added the data obtained from the additional 154 counties, for some of the phases of the work a larger and for some a smaller number of counties being used.

The result is a searching and very interesting presentation, admirably comprehensive in its scope, of conditions affecting the social-religious side of life in the country and in towns, hamlets and small cities. The authors divide the United States into nine regions, each having a certain unity, and background their survey with outlines of the history of each region, its economic development and present status and tendencies, and inquire into its racial complexities and its social and economic problems, dealing with all these things in their relations with the present religious condition. The method is impersonal, scientific, and the aim has been to discover the main factors in the problem of the rural church in this country, reduce it to some sort of order, and so make possible the beginning of an attempt to improve the situation. Among the startling facts which they disclose are that almost half of all rural churches are making no progress, are either standing still or losing ground; that seven out of every ten rural churches share their pastor with other congregations, and that one-third of all these rural ministers can live only by working at some other occupation. Especially interesting is the chapter on the immigrant groups and the church, which declares that no more than one-half of these new Americans have been reached by the Protestant and Catholic country churches together, although one-third of them are in rural communities, while in some States half the farmers are of foreign birth. "The new American on the land," the authors say, "is making good, but the Church has not made good with the new American."

The work of this survey has been done so capably, so objectively and so comprehensively that the volume will be very useful not only to those whose interest in it would be primarily religious but also to those who would value it for its contribution to the sociology of country life and to the general discussion of country life as a whole.

Political Democracy, a Phantom or a Social Good

Three Opposing Points of View About a Form of Government

A Review by
SILAS BENT

THE PROSPECTS OF INDUSTRIAL CIVILISATION. By Bertrand Russell, in collaboration with Dora Russell. New York: The Century Company. $2.

THE IRRESISTIBLE MOVEMENT OF DEMOCRACY. By John Simpson Penman. 725 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: A Study in Democracy. By Nesta H. Webster. 519 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

BERTRAND RUSSELL returned from the Far East more out of sorts than ever with Occidental civilisation. He had never liked it. He had thought all along that Western political, religious and industrial systems were stupid and oppressive; but he had written about them when he wasn't writing about physics, or war, or higher mathematics, lucidly and sometimes persuasively. He still writes lucidly, but he has abandoned, apparently, any effort to persuade his audience. His tone is a tone of weary contempt. He is a tired radical.

Mr. Russell has borne the burden of the world on his shoulders for a long while. He designates himself a reformer, and the reform he is advocating just now is guild socialism. In other days he has advocated first one brand and then another of socialism, all of which he now stigmatizes bitterly. He is as intolerant of them as of intolerance in others toward his own theories. But he is still more intolerant of the bustling "modern" world and its achievements. His term as teacher in Peking, where he observed the "backward," urbane and cheerfully fatalistic Chinese, brought him to the conclusion that get-up and hustle were even sillier than he had supposed. So he, who is notoriously an inveterate worker, has come back with a gospel of laziness to preach along with his socialism.

But the main message of this book is the absurdity of industrial progress and the futility of political democracy. Undoubtedly democracy is on trial, and a society founded on capital along with it; but there are few, even when Mr. Russell is in better temper, who would willingly make him sole judge of it. He serves better as a special pleader for the prosecution. He is admirably equipped for the post. No one in this country, unless it be Senator "Jim" Reed, equals him in the art of invective; and, of course, Senator Reed has none of Mr. Russell's cogency in analysis and argument. There is, indeed, no comparison of them except in calling names. But it is more important that there should be free discussion of democratic tendencies and processes than that all should be agreed, certainly more important than that there should be agreement between Mr. Russell and John Simpson Penman.

For these two are poles apart; while Mrs. Nesta Webster occupies an equatorial mean, and is as unlikely to win unanimous agreement to her viewpoint as either of the others. One who reads all three books will probably find himself, after being blown about by the winds of doctrine, anchored just where he was at the outset, provided he had an anchor out.

Mr. Penman was educated for the ministry, left the Presbyterian Church when Dr. Briggs was condemned as a heretic, and occupied Congregational pulpits until 1916, when he began studying social questions. His training made him sympathetic with the evangelical ardor of Woodrow Wilson, and so the famous phrase "to make the world safe for democracy" stuck in his head. Congress was not so receptive, nor so tenacious. Congress ignored the phrase when recognizing a state of war with Germany; but to Mr. Penman it suggested these questions:

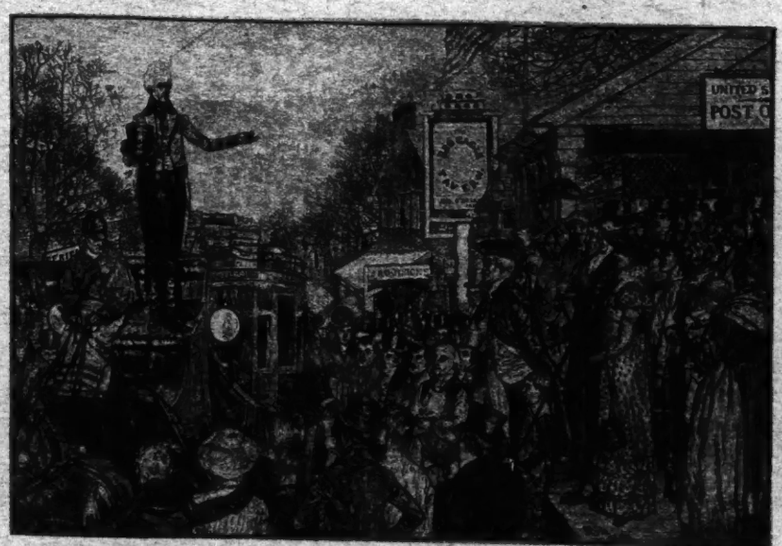
What was democracy? What were the advantages of a form of Government for which the world was striving? If democracy was attained, would it be a gain for humanity?

It is somewhat disquieting to learn that Mr. Penman set out on the quest by defining democracy as "a form of government based upon the popular will as expressed in universal suffrage." There is no such form of government now in existence. Not even the most ardent democrat wants to confer suffrage on infants and touted imbeciles. Universal suffrage is a will-o'-the-wisp, and the advantages even of the present extensions of the privilege are debatable. But Mr. Penman quotes with approval Theodore Roosevelt's campaign effervescence, "I stand for pure democracy," as though he believed that "pure" democracy was within the realm of the real. He is on better ground when he assails aristocracy—in the large sense of that word—although still on controversial ground; for he declares:

> If there is one fact that is revealed by the development of democracy during the last one hundred and fifty years, it is this: that the upper classes have shown a woeful incapacity to govern the people justly in the interest of the common welfare. Whenever they have been in control of the Government, they have administered it with an interest to special classes and with an utter disregard for the interests of the mass of the people. The tyranny of the majority may be a danger to democratic government, but so far it is not comparable with the tyranny of the minority.

Mr. Penman's volume is divided into three books, in which the progress of democracy, as he conceives it, is painstakingly traced in this country, in France and in England. Although he went through a prodigious course of reading, he is singularly silent about Lord Bryce, whose conclusions regarding modern democracies are stated in somewhat more temperate tone than Mr. Penman adopts. Lord Bryce was more temperate, for instance, about this country. The Constitution of the United States set up a republican, not a democratic, form of government. The weightiest among its framers thought democracy meant disunion, misery and anarchy. Some of them stood openly for monarchy. Nor did the opinion abate soon. It shocked Jefferson when he returned from France in 1790 to find that "a preference of kingly over republican government was evidently the favorite sentiment." Mr. Penman finds in Jefferson and Andrew Jackson and Theodore Roosevelt the country's saviors from this attitude, its leaders toward "pure" democracy. And he agrees with Lord Acton that the United States, where "democracy was revealed not as a theory, but as a living example" (the quoted phrase is Mr. Penman's) had great influence on the French Revolution.

In the discussion of the French Revolution Mr. Penman comes into sharp conflict with Mrs. Webster. He accepts the usual view of that interesting period. She does not. She is free to own, indeed, that she is the only person who has ever considered the revolution with an open mind. She says we have never been told before what really happened. Carlyle merely created a rhapsodical legend. Dickens built on a mythological basis, and popular journalists have worked up the material for profit. "For the art of successful journalism is not to illuminate the public mind, but to reflect it, to tell it in even stronger terms what it thinks already, and therefore, to confirm rather than dispel popular delusions." Even in France the facts have been concealed. Michelet was a Dantoniste, Louis Blanc a Robespierriste, Lamartine a Girondiste, Thiers and Mignet Orléanistes, and so on. Everybody, says Mrs. Webster, had an axe to grind until she came along, prepared to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.



General Jackson, President-Elect, on His Way to Washington.

From "Howard Pyle's Book of the American Spirit." New York: Harper & Brothers.

So! What, then, is the truth? To begin with, the French Revolution was not an uprising of the people against the exactions of the aristocracy. Take it from Mrs. Webster, the peasants were pretty well off. They were not the downtrodden, wretched beings all the other historians have been saying they were. The crimes and excesses of the Revolution sprang "from totally distinct and extraneous causes," chief of which were four conspiracies. The great intrigues are summarized thus:

1. The intrigue of the Orléanistes to change the dynasty of France.

2. The intrigue of the Subversives to destroy all religion and all government.

3. The intrigue of Prussia to break the Franco-Austrian Alliance.

4. The intrigue of the English revolutionaries to overthrow the Governments both of France and England.

Of course there were those who had private grievances of one sort or another and those "naturally bilious of temperament," who further confused the general turbulence until they combined to "deceive not only contemporaries but the greater part of posterity." The French Court, in Mrs. Webster's opinion, "as the centre of art and learning, formed the greatest safeguard of civilisation and the strongest antidote to militarism." The Terror was due to the attempt "to establish by force a system of equality not demanded by the nation."

Mrs. Webster is persuaded that when the world is enlightened by the principles of true democracy it "will recognize that the French Revolution was not an advance toward democracy, but a directly anti-democratic and reactionary movement; that it was not a struggle for liberty, but an attempt to strangle liberty at its birth." She regards its leaders as the cruelest enemies of the people and the while period as an incubation ground for communism and anarchy.

"But it is to France," says Mr. Penman, "that the world owes the passion for liberty and the rights of man which led to the triumph of democracy." He attributes the Reign of Terror and even the reaction afterward toward autocracy merely to "the excesses of democracy." But he says, like Mrs. Webster, that "the great social and political forces" manifest in the upheaval "are too often ignored by historians." He, too, takes a fling at the royalist Taine and the democrat Michelet. Both let their prejudices run away with them!

Although Mrs. Webster and Mr. Penman take such different views of the French Revolution, both arrive by indirection at Socialism as a threat against democratic institutions. Mrs. Webster fears both anarchism and State socialism, and apparently regards one as no better than the other. "The ideal of true democracy, rule by the will of the majority," she says, "must then in either case be finally abandoned, and the people must submit to the domination of bureaucratic minorities or return to a state of savagery." She observes that hatred of religion, above all of Christianity, has characterized all the instigators of world revolution; and she fears that British workmen are unaware of the abyss toward which their leaders are drawing them.

Mr. Penman discerns behind the struggle for civil and political equality "the passion for economic equality"; but he finds that this passion blinds its victims to "the natural inequalities of men," which are biological and psychological.

It is this that lies across the pathway of socialism and leads men to question whether an economic system can be established which seems to ignore the inequalities of men.

But if not an economic, why a political system of equality? Mr. Penman retorts that through legislation equality of opportunity may be provided, protecting the weak against the strong and giving "an equal chance to acquire wealth and culture commensurate with one's abilities."

There is no doubt that under democracy this legislation must go much further than public opinion at present perceives. The spirit of autocracy which grew up under the industrial revolution and dominated the conditions of industry of the nineteenth century is not in harmony with the democratic principles which developed at the same time. These principles must inevitably affect the control of industry.

State and national legislation is already affecting the control of industry. All the great industries which are heavily charged with a public service, excepting the mining and distribution of coal, are under the strict supervision and regulation of those to whom the public has delegated its authority; for we live in this country, and the people of England and France live under a system of delegated democracy. But even this sort of supervision is not enough for Mr. Russell. He blames the deplorable state of everything on industrialism; and while he admits that "it is not a hopeless task to save the world," he avers that guild socialism is the only savior.

Guild socialism, although by no means new, may be regarded as the latest fashion of emancipated political thought. It aspires to a government founded on industrial rather than geographic units, its theory being that map boundaries are an artificial and pernicious basis of political representation. But Mr. Russell has been over all this ground before, and devotes such discussion of the theory as he includes in the present book to an attack on other Socialist theorists, such as Graham Wallas, who do not agree with him.

Mr. Russell repeats the familiar charge that competition and the private capitalist are alike anarchic survivals. The real aim, he holds, should be "a materially stereotyped society," with the increase of leisure, because work is irksome. Four hours a day is enough to be bored.

> For my part, since I came to know China, I have come to regard "progress" and "efficiency" as the greatest misfortunes of the Western World. * * * But I have hopes of laziness as a gospel.

Any gospel will suit Mr. Russell better than the kind now commonly preached in the churches. He says the churches "have defended every established atrocity, after the conscience of average mankind had begun to rebel against it." He notes with pain that Christianity is still common in the United States, and holds it against us that the churches are more influential here than in Europe. "Since the fourteenth century," he says, "the church has consistently encouraged men's avarice and blood-lust, and discouraged every approach to humane and kindly feeling." And he is not surprised to find, since we are religious, that practically everything in the United States is controlled by "the big interests." He devotes several pages to the Chicago meat packers by way of proof.

Education nowadays, Mr. Russell finds, aims only to produce credulity and servility. It would collapse if it attempted to make children think. It aims only to produce "artificial stupidity"; therefore, "no person who has either a heart or a brain can be a school teacher unless he is so pusillanimous as to be willing to keep his opinions to himself." Nor is science in any better case. It is "so prostituted to interests and armaments as to be incapable of inspiring respect." Wireless "facilitates" slaughter in war, the dissemination of journalistic falsehoods in time of peace, and the broadcasting of trivialities to relieve the tedium of evening hours not devoted to success." Even those engaged in the study of the structure of the atom "are very little interested in the possible future effect of their work"; and so Mr. Russell, ever the reformer, has just written a book Vanisoning the atom! He says that those who love knowledge for its own sake, if the present industrial system is maintained, will "come to be classified in youth as morons and kept in institutions for harmless lunatics."

These random quotations will reveal what a grouch Mr. Russell has got into. He is as pessimistic as Mr. Penman is hopeful and as unequivocal as Mrs. Webster.

Of the Making of Many Books About R. L. S.

New Poems, a New Biography and a Travel Book in a New Issue

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By Rosaline Masson. 358 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.

ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON. By Clayton Hamilton. 157 pp. Garden City, L. I.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

THE SHORT STORIES OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 528 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

IT is quite apposite to twist an old saying and assert, "Of the making of many books about Robert Louis Stevenson there is no end." About a year ago it appeared that the open season on Stevenson was about to start and that a number of writers were well prepared to take more or less accurate shots at the legend of romantic knightliness that had been built up about the Scotch author. But immediately a host of Stevenson defenders swept forward and the attack dwindled to a few sporadic skirmishes, the most notable of which was Mr. George Hellman's "The Stevenson Myth" in The Century Magazine for December, 1922. Mr. Hellman is now refuted by Miss Rosaline Masson in "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," a new study which is obviously a natural growth from this writer's compilation, "I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson." On the whole it is a good life, although it is evident that Miss Masson is concerned in reinforcing the general idea of Stevenson's romantic knightliness. Together with Miss Masson's life comes a reissue of Clayton Hamilton's charming "On the Trail of Stevenson," a book describing the many places visited by R. L. S., but stopping abruptly with the hegira to the South Seas. And that Stevenson himself may be better viewed as an author two large volumes of his works, "The Short Stories of Robert Louis Stevenson" and "The Collected Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson," have just come from the press. Of these four books, Miss Masson's life and the "Collected Poems" are the most important, for they contain new matter. The life draws generously on the testimony printed in "I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson," and no less than more than two hundred new poems are included in the collected verse.

If anything Miss Masson's book is valuable for the intimate glimpses it gives of the early days of R. L. S. The personality of the young man is more clearly developed. Miss Masson had the opportunity of living in Edinburgh, of conversing with many old people who knew Stevenson in his youth, and of absorbing most intimately the atmosphere wherein Stevenson walked during those days when he was most casually applying himself to engineering and law. The so-called "wildness" of Stevenson's youth (which, after all, is not so very important), his days of idling in the underworld of Edinburgh in the companionship of shabby Bohemians, seamen, chimneysweeps, thieves, were mainly the result of empty pockets, declares Miss Masson. Stevenson's parents gave him but a pound a month as pocket money, and naturally the young man sought those resorts where the most amusement could be obtained for a shilling. It is interesting to note Miss Masson's refutation of Mr. Hellman's article. She writes:

> In an article published in The Century Magazine for December, 1922, entitled "The Stevenson Myth," a love story is attributed to this time of Stevenson's life. Nobody can affirm or deny the private love affairs of any man or woman, especially after half a century has passed; nor is it always seemly or needful, even in the case of public characters, that they should be given to the public. But Stevenson was no "myth" in Edinburgh.
>
> The romantic story told in Mr. Helman's (sic) article in the Century is an altogether incorrect deduction from the fragments of manuscript material at Mr. Helman's disposal. The name of Claire, found on the margin of one of Louis's manuscripts, and therefore connected by Mr. Helman with the heroine of his story, is misplaced and misapplied; while the poem, the first and last verses of which are quoted in the article, belongs to a much later date than is here assigned to it.

Miss Masson notes that Stevenson always took a notebook when he dipped into the underworld and that undoubtedly part of his interest in such facets of life was the opportunity to take notes on human characters. At this time also the young man was writing verses industriously and a portion of the new pieces included in the "Collected Poems" probably belong to this period. Indeed, these new poems tell quite as much about Stevenson and his growth as any life could.

One glaring defect stands out in this (presumably) definitive edition of Stevenson's poems and that is the lamentable lack of notes. There is absolutely no explanation of these new poems (nearly half the large volume), where they came from, or what their approximate dates are. Now and then a brief sentence explains the recipient of a certain poem and that is all. It has been stated that these new poems have already appeared in print, in privately published editions wherein are incorporated notes and addenda, and that the holders of these copyrights while giving permission for the reissuance of the poems considered the notes their own and so kept them. While this may be just to the copyright holders it is an unwarranted hardship on Stevenson lovers who must secure the limited editions or read the new poems minus any knowledge of their place in R. L. S.'s life. Stevenson has ceased to be the prerogative of any rich man who buys up unpublished manuscripts. He belongs to the world at large.

The new poems viewed as intrinsic poetry are not particularly important. One thing that they reveal is the fact that Stevenson himself possessed good taste in selecting what he did for publication during his lifetime. He skimmed off the cream of his work and left these occasional pieces, these light lyrics, snatches of song, experiments to a decent obscurity. However, they are sufficiently workmanlike not to militate gravely against Stevenson's position as a poet. In the first place, R. L. S. was never a great poet. His fame rests on certain lyrics, on the "Requiem," "Wandering Willie's Song," the charm of "A Child's Garden of Verses," and such kindred efforts. Brief, spontaneous moments of lyricism, of delicious melody always animated by a sentimentalism (albeit a sturdy sentimentalism), these are the traits of Stevenson. He was sturdy, virile in a gentle way, unalterably optimistic, acutely sensitive to nature-impressions and moods. Glancing through the new poems one discovers all these things and also an idea of the inborn literary aristocracy of the poet. For instance, one may find here what is evidently the very first version of the immortal "Requiem," and it is both amusing and instructive to set it beside the revised version and note how the poet refined it. Here is the first version, written probably about 1870:

> Now when the number of my years
> Is all fulfilled, and I
> From sedentary life
> Shall rouse me up to die,
> Bury me low and let me lie
> Under the wide and starry sky.
> Joying to live, I joyed to die,
> Bury me low and let me lie.
>
> Clear was my soul, my deeds were free,
> Honor was called my name,
> I fell not back from fear
> Nor followed after fame.
> Bury me low and let me lie
> Under the wide and starry sky.
> Joying to live, I joyed to die,
> Bury me low and let me lie.
>
> Bury me low in valleys green
> And where the milder breese
> Blows fresh along the stream,
> Sings roundly in the trees—
> Bury me low and let me lie
> Under the wide and starry sky
> Joying to live, I joyed to die,
> Bury me low and let me lie.

From this somewhat affected lyric Stevenson fashioned the following lines, lines first published in 1887 and which probably mark his apogee as a poet:

> Under the wide and starry sky,
> Dig the grave and let me lie.
> Glad did I live and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.
>
> This be the verse you grave for me:
> Here he lies where he longs to be,
> Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill.

Antwerp—The Start of "The Inland Voyage."

On the Oise, Below La Fère.

The diffuseness has now gone: nothing but the central core of the thought garmented in memorable and melodious lines is there. The vain repetition has been wholly shorn away. This is a beautiful example of artistic revision.

Stevenson, of course, had his influences during his early period but they are surprisingly slight. It is interesting to note that he made an adaptation of De Banville's "Nous n'irons plus au bois," a feat that was performed much more successfully in A. E. Housman's "Last Poems," although, Mr. Housman did not admit the borrowing in the volume. Curiously enough the erotic note is never particularly visible in these earlier poems. Indeed, throughout Stevenson's verse it will be noted that he is nearly always self-contained. The Swinburnian influence (which must have been tremendous in the 1870s for the startling "Poems and Ballads" could not have been forgotten so soon) did not touch R. L. S. One explanation of this is his Scotch upbringing, of course. Now and then the young poet will burst out in something like this, after reading "Antony and Cleopatra":

> As when the hunt by holt and field
> Drives on with horn and strife,
> Hunger of hopeless things pursues
> Our spirits throughout life.
>
> The sea's roar fills us aching full
> Of objectless desire—
> The sea's roar, and the white moonshine,
> And the reddening of the fire.
> Who talks to me of reason now?
> It would be more delight
> To have died in Cleopatra's arms
> Than be alive tonight.

But this sounds rather schoolboyish and affected. Then there is another of these recently discovered pieces called "The Daughter of Herodias," in which the reader is informed that the spectre of John the Baptist's head appears by night to Salome. Whereupon, after this dreadful vision, the poem ends:

> Thus spake she: "Once again that head.
> I ate too much pilau tonight,
> My mother and the eunuch said,
> Well, I can take a hint aright—
> Tomorrow's supper shall be light.

One can but be silent in the face of this poem, congratulate Salome on her adaptability to hints, and pass on. It should be pointed out, however, that no one would guess that R. L. S. meant to be playful in this poem from a reading of the preceding stanzas, and, indeed, it is doubtful that he did so intend. There are a number of playful pieces among these new poems and some of them are quite charming. "The Fine Pacific Islands," for instance, is such a piece. It starts:

> The jolly English yellowboy
> Is a 'andsome coin when new,
> The Yankee double eagle
> Is large enough for two.
> O, these may do for seaport towns,
> For cities these may do:
> But the dibbs that takes the Hislands
> Are the dollars of Peru;
> O, the fine Pacific Hislands,
> O, the dollars of Peru!

Turning to more serious poems there are but a few which the Stevenson lover would care to see included among the actual achievements. One of them, however, is "Dark Women," and three verses will serve to show its quality:

> I must not cease from singing
> And leave their praise unsung,
> The praise of swarthy women
> I have loved since I was young;
> That shine like colored pictures
> In the pale book of my life;
> The gem of meditation,
> The dear reward of strife.
>
> To you let snow and roses
> And golden locks belong;
> Those are the world's enslavers.
> Let them delight the throng.
> But for her of duskier lustre,
> Whose favor still I wear,
> The snow be in her kirtle,
> The rose be in her hair.
>
> The hue of a highland river
> That's flowing, full and cool,
> From sable on to golden,
> From rapid on to pool,
> The hue of heather honey,
> The hue of honey bees,
> Shall tinge her golden shoulder,
> Shall gild her tawny knees.

There are three more verses to this poem and all of them hold up well. Indeed, this is one of the most charming pieces among the new poems.

The Stevenson Home at 17 Heriot Row, Edinburgh.

The Drawings on This Page Are by Walter Hale, as Illustrations for Clayton Hamilton's "On the Trail of Stevenson."

Two Old Favorites Critically Undone

Mr. Swinnerton Examines the Works of Gissing and Stevenson.

A Review by
HENRY JAMES FORMAN

R. L. STEVENSON, A CRITICAL STUDY. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2 net.

GEORGE GISSING, A CRITICAL STUDY. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2 net.

THE rarest of all birds in literature is a superlative critic. We all imagine ourselves to be critics—all who read—and in a sense we are. Like the well-known Dulcinea, we know what we like. But the keen vision, the clear, sympathetic, yet cool judgment, with all the standards at its command, that appraises once for all; that sees itself serving a far higher divinity than either the popular author or the contemporary public, namely, literature—such a judgment is extraordinarily, amazingly rare.

For reasons which cannot here be studied, criticism is not saliently an Anglo-Saxon gift. When we think of the giants of criticism, what names first occur to us? Diderot, Sainte-Beuve, Goethe, perhaps, Georg Brandes in our own day. Who else? Emile Faguet, Taine, Anatole France? Where are the English names? Say Matthew Arnold and you at once reduce the stature of your figure.

This preamble does not mean to imply that Mr. Frank Swinnerton is about to be hailed at once as the equal of Sainte-Beuve and Georg Brandes. He is too devoted a lover of letters to desire a dignity not his own. Such dignities are never long retained. But among English writers of our day he assuredly possesses one of the clearest of critical heads. Indeed, his clearness and detachment are almost French. In these two books upon Stevenson and Gissing he examines two writers of seemingly opposite calibre with the sympathy of a physician and the unflinching candor of a great diagnostician.

Have they great literary vitality? To be sure they have. But not in the respects attributed to them and in by no means all their work. Mr. Swinnerton calmly proceeds to operate—to cut away dead and moribund tissue and to leave only the healthy remaining. And here is the secret of his choice of subjects. Both Stevenson and Gissing were invalids and both, in their different ways, had suffered much. What Gissing made up in a shade better health, he lost in a far greater poverty of material comfort and worldly relations. But the gist of Mr. Swinnerton's thesis is this: Do not pity these authors in judging their works. Have they or have they not written fine books? Their health or worldly status—well, we do not praise Don Quixote because Cervantes was in prison, nor the poetry of Heine because he was long bedridden. Literature would be cluttered with forgotten authors were their sufferings their only passport to greatness. Briskly, with skilled hands Mr. Swinnerton goes about unswathing those two writers from the bandages of sentimental regard. He hurts at times, as hurt he must. But his interest is literary health.

As to the hurts, they will be many for the Stevenson letter in the Stevenson volume. For Stevenson is to too many of us intermingled with our youth, and to be deprived of illusions concerning R. L. S. is to lose too many of our own illusions at a blow. There was a time when to every college tutor in English Stevenson was the classic model in composition. The Harvard Lampoon, I believe, once printed a skit upon the then examination-papers in English. The answer to every question, how remote and preposterous soever, was Robert Louis Stevenson.

The reason is not fat to seek. Youth, of whatever generation, is mostly empty headed. And to the polisher of empty sentences, Stevenson is the ideal model. Who shall say to how many of us now writing Stevenson was little short of a divinity in those unbreeched days? And how many of those ancient worshipers have remained faithful? The reason for the backsliding is quite simply thinness of matter. "It is not generally," points out Mr. Swinnerton, "regarded as convenient to say that Stevenson's matter was often thin, and his style a mere ruffle and scent to draw off the more frigid kind of reader." Yet, convenient or not Mr. Swinnerton declares it again and again. And that numerous company, the middle-aged of today, who know their Stevenson well, sadly, reluctantly agree. For Stevenson, full of many qualities and abilities, lacked that prime requisite of the first-rate—thought power. His essays, "Virginibus Puerisque," for instance, how many boys and girls, young men and young women, have yearned over and delighted in them! "Sanguine, gentle, musical," Mr. Swinnerton describes them, "in the deepest sense unoriginal."

But then there are, you say, the romances. What about these? Mr. Swinnerton is at your throat (how the Stevensonian phrase clings!) in a trice:

> These romances are [he says], in fact the romances of a sick man of tremendous nervous force, but of neither physical nor intellectual nor even imaginative energy. • • • Stevenson's romances were based upon a survival of boyish interests; they are full of fantastic quips and those clever manipulations with which writers sometimes conceal weakness; • • • they have exciting, impressive and splendidly vivid scenes. But the quality they have not is the fine careless rich quality of being vital.

The one quality, in short, that Mr. Swinnerton refuses to grant Stevenson is vitality. His object in writing, Mr. Swinnerton assures us, was not the utterance of piercing thoughts or poignant emotion: "He wrote because of his long Scots tongue, which turned and savored all the lively incidents which his brain conjured." Well! It is to be hoped Mr. Swinnerton will not dissect too many of his contemporaries.

But the reader must not suppose that this critical study is all blame. He finds much to praise, for instance, in "The Silverado Squatters" and "In the South Seas," two travel books not usually popular with Stevenson admirers. "An Inland Voyage," which can count perhaps twenty readers for every one of the former, Mr. Swinnerton calls a poor book. "But, upon the whole," he says, "I believe Stevenson's short stories to represent more successfully than any other part of his output the variety and the brilliance of his talent."

Of these he expresses "the greatest distaste" for "The Sire de Malétroit's Door," and "A Lodging for the Night" he calls "a piece of labored artifice." The five short stories, however, to which Mr. Swinnerton gives the name of are are "Thrawn Janet," "The Beach of Falesa," "The Bottle Imp," "Providence and the Guitar" and "The Treasure of Franchard." And, lest the reader should think Mr. Swinnerton merely acrimonious, I hasten to state that in his view to have written three such stories as "The Bottle Imp," "Thrawn Janet" and "The Treasure of Franchard" "would alone be a sufficient performance to give Stevenson's name continued life among our most distinguished writers." Excepting in the domain of the boy's book and the short story, he denies Stevenson first-class importance. But his criticisms are cool, detached objective, applying sound if severe literary touchstones. There does, however, emerge a certain subtle lack of sympathy between the critic's temperament and such a temperament as was Stevenson's. Romance, Mr. Swinnerton concludes, is dead. "And if it is dead, Stevenson killed it."

In conversation recently the reviewer put this query to Mr. Swinnerton:

"Do you believe any one man can kill romance as an art? Don't you think your last sentence is one of those large, round statements that one sometimes makes in the heat of argument?" Mr. Swinnerton very urbanely admitted that perhaps it was. The author of "Nocturne," in short, is an admirable critic, but his sympathy with the author of "Kidnapped" or "The Master of Ballantrie" can hardly be expected to be complete to the point of fusion.

Far more complete and thoroughgoing is his sympathy with Gissing. And by sympathy one does not necessarily mean complete approval. But Mr. Swinnerton's understanding of Gissing seems complete.

Now, what do most of us know about Gissing? We have read, doubtless, a few of his novels, "New Grub Street," "The Odd Women," "The Unclassed," "In the Year of Jubilee," "Henry Ryecroft," perhaps one or two others. We think of him as a tragic figure, frustrated by poverty and his unfortunate early marriage a la Dostoyevsky to a girl of the streets—altogether piteous. One day before reading Mr. Swinnerton's book, I found myself in the particularly dirty hotel in Calabria where Gissing spent a period of illness. "That," I thought "is exactly the place Gissing would inevitably have chosen to be ill in." A man sometimes becomes the thing he hates. Gissing violently hated poverty and frustration. And, in the words of Mr. Swinnerton, "the frustrate Gissing was largely speaking the real Gissing, the egoistic warrior against the things he disliked." He suffered intensely as a modern psychoanalyst would have discovered, from the desire to be great. Unusual though his gifts were, they were in a measure warped by this abnormal craving for greatness, by the sense of frustration and by a tendency to moralising and generalisation among the greatest pitfalls for a novelist. The self-pity resulting is one of the things Mr. Swinnerton, with his surgical calm, cuts away, for the good of the rest of the organism.

For the novel to Swinnerton is a very important institution. It "may be said to be approaching via realism, a new and valuable position as an expert view of life." And Gissing was in admirable position. He stood between the Victorians and the present era. Mr. Swinnerton is therefore all the more regretful that Gissing failed to make the most of it. He was too much given to analysis, though he himself admits, "very rarely has analysis of character justified itself in fiction." Experience and imagination are required for the writing of novels. But Gissing thought rather than imagined his characters. His imagination had been stultified by too much reading. And we, furthermore, suddenly discover (and that is the most illuminating part of this study) that Gissing, whom we, most of us, held as a realist, because at times he depressed us, was actually in dread of realism. He was never a realist at all. Mr. Swinnerton's passages upon the subject of modern realism may be commended to every writer and reader of today.

> Gissing [he says] of course, lived before the day of the modern realist; he did not see in realism very much more than laborious technical method. Nowadays, it is to be hoped, only very old and very young men hold it in such abhorrence. We are all realists today, trying very hard to see without falsity and to reproduce our vision with exactitude. Realism, I think, is no longer associated with the foot-rule and a stupid, purposeless reproduction of detail.

Imagination, in short, is at least as important in realism as it is in romance. But Gissing's method was rather the method of the historian. The novelist, however, must not simply record. His business is to explore human nature, to learn and know so much about it that what he presents must seem, after the simile of the floating iceberg, as but a tithe of the entire mass. "But a pretense that he is simply a recorder is a barren pretense," Mr. Swinnerton assures us. "It means that he has not imagined his characters, but that he has pieced them together."

Thus the fault of Gissing was, in certain aspects, we see, identical with the fault of Stevenson—the lack very often of a certain warm vitality in their characters. Merit, even great merit, Mr. Swinnerton finds in both writers. Certain books of Gissing's will always be read:

> "Thyrza," "New Grub Street," "The Odd Woman," "Born in Exile" and "Eve's Ransom" seem to me the best of them—with all the respect and admiration that are their due. Of the highest kind of vivid imagining, of the deepest emotional understanding, of the sure, steady, unwavering knowledge of life, they cannot be said to show proof • • • But do not let us pity Gissing; let us select what is worthy of sincere admiration and let the rest die. Gissing himself would surely have desired this, for he was a critic and a man of letters.

In this portion of the review the reviewer has been more at pains to note Mr. Swinnerton's attitude than any minute detail regarding Gissing's work. The detail is there for all who care to read. But surely it is a notable thing to find in one of our English contemporaries the urbane, genial, sensible Swinnerton, so fine and lofty a tone regarding the high integrity of letters. He feels sure Gissing would have desired no praise to which he was not entitled. He is as humane, doubtless, as the rest of us. But he abhors leniency to the artist's accomplished work simply because that artist was poor in health or material circumstances. It is a Spartan code, but who would not endorse it? For in the end all writers will have to be subjected to the same treatment. Flaubert once told Maupassant that a hundred lines of verse, if only they are perfect, are enough to give immortality to a poet. The same relative quantity will suffice for a prose writer. And how many novelists are likely to leave twenty or thirty great novels? The cleverness of Mr. Swinnerton's critical judgment is a great and genuine tonic to letters.

The Woodcuts on This Page Are by Howard Whitford Willard, as Illustrations for a Special Edition of Stevenson's "The Silverado Squatters." Printed from Hand-Set Type by John Henry Nash of San Francisco and Published in New York by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Pascal, Scientist, Philosopher and Saint

Tercentenary of a Writer Who Set a High Standard of Art for the French Language

Pascal

From the Original Picture by Philippe de Champagne, in the Possession of M. Lenoir at Paris.

By JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER

THREE hundred years and a few months ago, in 1623, there was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, France, Blaise Pascal, destined to become one of the noblest historical personalities. Columbia University and the great universities of all nations have celebrated the tercentenary of his birth by studies of his remarkable person, thought and influence. Not alone his intellectual eminence, but the moral excellence and religious devotion of his mind, clothe him with such an unwonted charm as to make his study most fascinating.

Pascal's genius was exhibited in his early boyhood. He had an exceptional gift for mathematics. At the age of 12 he drew a diagram corresponding closely with an abstruse proposition of Euclid, and at 13 he published a treatise on the conic sections that evoked the surprise and admiration of the great scientist and philosopher Descartes. Such marvelous proficiency did he display that a critic remarks that in his mode of solving the problems respecting the cycloid he exhibited such remarkable conceptions as bring him within a step of the fluxions of Newton and the calculus of Liebnitz. By his ingenious experiments he lastingly decided the cause of the suspension of the mercury in the barometrical tube. In this discovery he anticipated his great scientific contemporary Descartes, who at first ungenerously, but unsuccessfully, contested the claim of precedence. At the age of 26 he thus ranked with the foremost scientists of the world. But suddenly he abandoned all these brilliant prospects and pursuits, scarcely ever to return to them. The cause was that which has influenced not a few other great thinkers—the conviction of the transcendent importance of the moral and religious sphere. Thenceforward the religious impulse and the questions concerning God, righteousness, the soul and its destiny in his estimate were of immeasurably larger import than the researches of science or the discussions of philosophy. His whole life, from the age of 18, was weighted by ill-health, and a stroke of paralysis at 28 seriously crippled him.

Pascal somewhere remarks that Caesar was the first of men as a warrior and statesman, Aristotle as a thinker and philosopher, Shakespeare as a writer and poet, but that Christ was supreme among men for goodness.

This placed him incomparably above all others as mankind's ideal, and this model Pascal took for imitation. Friends and critics alike testify to the spiritual beauty and loveliness of his character. Possessed of a genius which promised him world-wide fame, he was altogether free from ambition and vanity, and meek and humble in spirit. Tried by constant and often intense suffering, he was never known to lose patience. Absolute as was his devotion to truth, and deep as was his conviction of its infinite value, he never, in controversy with his severest critics, allowed himself to be betrayed into bitterness. He was always in discussion the Christian and the gentleman, never questioning an antagonist's motives or misrepresenting an opponent's point of view. Gifted with the keenest wit, he ever used it so delicately as not to sting or wound, but only to expose error. Thus he displayed, like Newman and Fénelon, a gentleness, a humility, a patience and a charity which, together with a soul of the strictest integrity and honor, clothed his personality with an exquisite charm.

For some years he led a lively and happy life in a brilliant social circle in Paris, mingling with friends who appreciated and admired his genius and virtues. But then his longing for quiet speculation on the great problems of life and his desire for deeper religious meditation led him to enter the celebrated Abbey of Port Royal, situated in a wooded valley near Versailles. This cloister was founded in 1204 as a retreat for solitude and meditation for those who only wished to retire for a season from society but did not desire to bind themselves by lifelong vows. To this retreat he was the more drawn by the residence there of his beloved sister, Jacqueline. Here he remained in seclusion until death terminated his career.

Pascal communicated to friends that he contemplated a great work, to be his chef. d'oeuvre, on the inadequacy of science and philosophy to satisfy the deepest yearnings and needs of the soul, and on the sufficiency of the evidence for the Christian religion which did fully meet them. But this plan, for which he said he would need ten years of health and energy—which never came—unhappily was not executed. In preparation for this great work it was his habit, after long and severe reflection, to write out his conclusions on any scrap of paper, card, or even back of envelope at hand, and string these reflections on a file until such time as he could combine them in orderly arrangement. This was the method of Amiel, and as his friend Edmond Scherer gathered and published these scattered writings and framed them into the famous "Journal Intime," so Pascal's friends undertook the difficult task of deciphering and editing these promiscuous jottings. Hence originated the "Pensées," or "Thoughts," that invaluable treasure of philosophical, moral and religious reflections on themes of the profoundest significance for mankind. On these "Thoughts" Pascal's fame as a teacher and inspirer of the highest ethical lessons chiefly rests. This volume holds a central place in the library of every scholar who seeks to develop the truest, best and highest within him.

The eminent critic, Cousin, charges Pascal in his "Thoughts" with skepticism as to the uses and results of philosophical speculation. This charge, we think, has been successfully refuted. Pascal here spoke from experience. He at first exerted all his intellectual powers in the realm of philosophy and science, aiming, like Aristotle, to establish a system of universal knowledge. But he found in this realm so many dubious processes, insoluble problems and unanswered questions that it did not quench his thirst for highest truth. But he by no means denies the uses of philosophy or utterly discounts its achievements. He only employs it as the strongest illustration of the obscurity and contradictions in man's noblest field of truth, and therefrom deduces the necessity and superiority of the Christian Revelation.

Pascal, in fact, is so far from being a skeptic as to philosophy that he constantly employed its method in the pursuit of most important truths. He meant by no means to repudiate reason, but to contend that its conclusions upon matters of the supremest concern to man left him in doubt, uncertainty and darkness. And that the clear light which Christianity shed upon God, the soul, man's struggle with evil, death and immortality, certified to its divinity. Here Pascal does not even use such strong language as a modern thinker, Bertrand Russell, who says "that of all the sciences philosophy has been the most barren of certain and practical results." As to the methods of ascertaining the generic principles of knowledge, Pascal in the "Thoughts" holds that we acquire them primarily and chiefly by intuition. He argues:

> We know the truth not only by reasoning, but by feeling and by a vivid and luminous power of direct comprehension, and it is by this last faculty that we discern first principles. And it is vain for reasoning, which has no share in discovering these principles, to attempt the subverting of them.

The "Thoughts" cover a vast realm of knowledge. They treat of atheism, of the contradictions in man of his greatness and misery, of ethics, of the imagination and its use, of the insufficiency of man's natural knowledge, of his inquietude and unrest, of the finite and infinite, of faith and doubt, of the supernatural as essential to religion, and similar problems. The pre-eminent idea in all these acute reflections was well expressed by the French Professor Strowski, at the recent Columbia University commemoration:

> Pascal recognized three classes of reality in the universe: material realities, realities of the mind, and God; and he teaches us to value each one in its own province, material grandeurs infinitely below the spiritual, and spiritual grandeurs infinitely below Jesus Christ.

The acuteness of Pascal as a scientific thinker, philosopher and mathematician gave to his writings a clarity, simplicity and delicacy of taste, which, by the unanimous consent of French authors, set for the French language its first fixed form of artistic excellence. Says Voltaire, "Here then, we may fix the epoch when our language may be said to have assumed a settled form," a verdict which Bossuet and D'Alembert confirm. This perfection of style is seen particularly in the "Provincial Letters" written during his sojourn at Port Royal.

Although displayed in his other writings, yet as these were disjointed and fragmentary, they have not the exquisite skill of expression of the "letters." Pascal did not attain this artistic perfection without labor. He tells us that he sometimes recast a letter twenty times. They have been taken as a model by French writers ever since. Not a single word in these immortal letters has ever become obsolete. Pascal's conception of the value of correct expression is shown by this remark:

> The very same sense is materially affected by the words that convey it. The sense receives its dignity—from the words rather than imparts it to them.

Thus, as Luther, by his unrivaled translation of the Bible, molded the rugged and unwieldy German and compelled it tersely to express his energetic thoughts, and thereby became the creator of the classic German language; so did Pascal by his exquisite taste give to the French language the artistic form, clarity and beauty that have ever since distinguished it.

The reader would like to hear Pascal speak in his own words. We give a few illustrations. On true greatness:

> The distance between Matter and Mind typifies the infinitely greater distance between Mind and Love. Great geniuses have their empire, their splendor, their victory, their renown. These are seen with the eyes of the mind and that is sufficient. Holy men again have their empire and their renown—that of love, goodness and sainthood. Jesus Christ, without external splendor, without the outward repute of science, is supreme in His own order, the realm of holiness.

On religion and reason:

> If we submit everything to reason our religion will have nothing in it mysterious or supernatural. If we violate the principles of reason, our religion will be absurd and ridiculous. There is nothing so in conformity with reason as the disavowal of the supremacy of reason.

On the greatness and misery of man:

> Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature; but he is a thinking reed. A breath of air, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the whole universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, for he knows that he dies, and the universe does not know its advantage over him. The greatness of man consists in that he knows himself miserable. His miseries prove his greatness. They are the miseries of a great lord, miseries of a deposed king.

This comparison of man to a thinking reed Cousin calls "one of the finest passages in literature."

Pascal's contrast between Christ and Manomet is justly celebrated. It concludes:

> If Mahomet took the way (force) of succeeding according to human calculation, Jesus Christ took that of (love) perishing according to human calculation. Hence, instead of concluding that, since Mahomet succeeded, Jesus Christ should have succeeded, it must be said that since Mahomet succeeded, Jesus Christ should have failed.

The wonderful flash and insight of genius by which he foresaw the latest revelations as to the atom are well described in THE TIMES's editorial on Pascal. The passage runs thus: "I will picture to man not only the visible universe, but the conceivable immensity of nature, in the epitome of an atom."

His sufferings constantly increasing, Pascal died at Port Royal at the early age of 39. He is one of the noblest personalities of history for our study and imitation. If we look at him as a philosopher, scientist and mathematician, we see a great original genius; and if we view him from a religious standpoint, we see an illustration of the highest moral excellence, a powerful mind, solving the dark mysteries of being in the light of Faith, and manifesting a tolerance, a broad charity, a gentleness, sweetness and spiritual beauty which will ever make him admired and beloved.

A New Try at an Old Riddle

LOCAL CULTS IN ETRURIA. By Lily Ross Taylor. Papers and monographs of the American Academy in Rome. Vol. II., pp. 232. Rome, 1923.

THE Etruscans, with their enigmatic language, their elaborate astrological lore that harked back to the Chaldeans, their gloomy eschatology that forecast Dante's "Inferno," their love of life, of pomp and of beauty, are still one of the dark riddles of history. So many scholars have wrecked imposing reputations by writing overhastily of them that the subject for a while became taboo. Now the slow process of relaying a sound substructure of facts by means of carefully limited investigations is giving promise of surer knowledge. Professor Lily Ross Taylor, a sound scholar, who knows the field too well to attempt overmuch, has laid one cornerstone firmly in her "Local Cults in Etruria," which is issued as the second volume of Monographs of the American Academy in Rome. The painstaking record of every pertinent item will serve as a reliable book of reference. Her chief conclusion is that the essential and enduring part of the Etruscan religion is in large measure Italic, while the rites, the forms of worship and the ceremonial garbs are of Asiatic origin. Such a peculiar syncretism can only be due to a thoroughgoing amalgamation of peoples, an intermarriage between the Eastern sea rovers that had once touched the Euphrates, and the Italic women whom they captured and retained to become the teachers of their common children. The volume will serve as a wholesome corrective to Poulsen's brilliant but unsafe "Etruscan Tomb Paintings."

Goethe the Man of the Hour

BERLIN.

THAT the true character of a nation's greatest poet should be understood only a century after his death is a very unusual historical phenomenon. This, however, is the case with Goethe, whose influence among the intellectuals was never so strong as today. He was the compañion and friend of the recently murdered Communist, Rosa Luxemburg, and of Prince Bülow. With ardent hearts the youth of Germany marvel at the expansion of this mighty personality, admire it as one of the greatest wonders of our planet. Never before did they perceive so clearly the significance of this man, struggling with temptation to his eightieth year, but calm in the deep realization of his oneness with the cosmos. It was inevitable that he should become the prototype and leader of his nation in these delirious times of doubt, superstition and empty flourish of words.

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THE modern soul longs for a final union of faith and science, yearns for the religious exaltation so rarely found within the Church. And in the wisdom and loving piety of the hoary poet are revealed the possibility and profound bliss of such accord. It is on the foundation of Goethe's teachings that our young thinkers base their philosophy. He has been called a realist—which he was, in so far as all the roots of his being clung to the visible world. But it has at last been realized that he lived a symbolic life as well and that he spoke truly of himself when he said:

> The intellectual, not satisfied with what is put before him, considers as a mask everything that presents itself to his senses. He knows that a higher spiritual life, roguishly obstinate, hides itself behind the visible cloak, to attract us and lure us into nobler regions.

From the philosophic idealists, however, Goethe differed on a cardinal point: For him the idea was not a power in its own right, not the sovereign of an extra-natural realm; it was the consummation and the crown, the beautiful flower of the human plant whose roots draw nourishment from Mother Earth.

The widely ramified and exceedingly fertile influence of Goethe on the spirit of the new German philosophy I shall only indicate here and leave its detailed treatment for later. Today I want to show the impulse he gave to the poets and other writers.

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I HAVE before me three works that reverentially, though from very different intellectual points of view, interpret Goethe's life as the image of human struggle.

Emil Ludwig's three biographical volumes, "Goethe, Geschichte eines Menschen" (Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, Stuttgart), which appeared some years ago, have at the present moment a heightened interest for the American reader. For the work has been translated into English and is soon to be published in the United States. Here a talented writer, gifted with an unusual power of penetration into the world of genius, has abandoned himself and his poetic intuition to the artistic expression of the master's inner development. With delicate antennae Emil Ludwig feels and follows the mighty evolution of this spiritual giant. At times the presentation is as stirring as an ancient drama. Devout absorption in these three volumes will give the reader a thorough acquaintance with Goethe.

The poet who would compete with this excellent biographer has a difficult task. Yet Albert von Trentini's "Goethe, der Roman seiner Erweckung" (Callwey, Munich), is so significant and noteworthy a book that it maintains a unique, incontestable place in the Goethe literature. This is no novel, indeed, but a poem, whose ardent flood of words often rises to winged rhythm, and, again, is softened to tones of delicate perception, to an artistic reproduction of psychological nuances.

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ALBERT VON TRENTINI, the Austrian poet, has wisely limited himself to that comparatively short Italian period when Goethe's being underwent a mysterious and complete transmutation. It is the story of a great-minded man's struggle to reach inner accord by extricating himself from the chaos of innumerable talents, duties and interests. Only by a self-transcending, subjectively poetic confession has it been possible to imbue with such powerful and convincing life the reproduction of this struggle in all its phases: Wild despair over the absurdity of existence, mad longing to imbibe and absorb the antagonistic world, rapturous admiration of beauty, freezing scorn for the inadequacy of the ego. And the struggle culminates in the intellect standing victorious over the tyranny of the heart. Goethe himself says that it was a question of intellectual life or death; and to his last days he held Rome to have been the greatest moment of his life. Trentini, the German with the southern strain, possesses the pathos, the sensitiveness to nature, the wealth of culture required for a colorful, glowing description of Rome—her grandeur, her art, the magic of her eternal past. Yet the suspense and dénouements of this wonderful book are all in the psychic and intellectual realms. Sometimes the shadowy visions of the author's fancy are almost confusingly blended with reality; but he always guides us safely through the pressing throng of delusions, until finally we sink exhausted on the high, firm sill of intuition. Always there rises before us the simply chiseled, beautifully built temple of a human mind, shaped by will and power. Over the door of the temple Goethe's name stands as a symbol. Through this struggle every significant man with the consciousness of a divine mission has to pass before he can attain the consummation of his personality. And this is presented here by a strong-willed, intransigent poet who knows no surrender, no retreat, no weakness in matters of the mind.

Goethe

From the Painting by J. Stieler.

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THE external life of Goethe, from his coming to the Court of Weimar to the time of his death, furnishes the material for Paul Burg's four-volume novel, whose title he takes from Goethe's maxim, "Alles um Liebe" (Max Koch, Leipsic). This work can in no way be compared to Trentini's book. There everything is based on inner development; here is a charming, unusually lifelike reproduction of the atmosphere of the small town and the court. Amusingly and with jocular genuineness Paul Burg tells of intrigues of love and the stage, and draws the good people of Weimar, from the Duke to the street gossips. Many a kind and sensible word is spoken for Goethe's marriage with the unjustly maligned Christiane. But the unedifying family relations that, after the marriage of his son to Ottilie von Pogwisch, so distressed the old sage are given here in rather too great detail. In the use of Gothe's weaknesses to bring him closer to the public, Paul Burg often gives undue attention to trivialities. It should be impossible today to look at Goethe so conventionally, with so little comprehension for the inner world of genius.

GABRIELE REUTER.

Ojetti Spins a Few Yarns

ROME.

OF the Italian men of letters of conspicuous ability who have enlisted in recent decades in the ranks of journalism, many today are missing at the roll call, but the old skirmisher Ugo Ojetti still stands under fire, one of the stanchest in the firing line. As an author, instead of writing himself out in the passing of nearly forty years of service, Ojetti has steadily improved his literary product, and a few days ago published his best volume "Cose Viste" (Treves, Milan).

It consists of over sixty-word portraits of Princes, Popes and Cardinals, statesmen, soldiers, politicians, artists, actors, professors, philosophers and writers of every category and of all shades—and shadows—of distinction. Ojetti knows, or knew, them all and has something striking, pleasant or unpleasant to say of each. Taken together, these portraits are fairly representative of the time and give a relatively correct conception of life in the upper world of modern Italy, prior to the advent of Fascism.

The Ojetti of past decades posed frequently as an elegant cynic and man about town, and the pose was not always pleasing. There is little of this in the present volume. The writer has become more mellow with years. It is, not that he indulges in less subtle humor or that he has lost his caustic touch, when the ailing member of society in his opinion requires cauterization. Today, however, he inclines to milder remedies. He is at once more human and more humane, and is no longer afraid of revealing, in dignified measure, his own emotion. But he can still be exquisitely malign.

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THE volume is full of delightful anecdotes, some of which relate to foreign celebrities. Thirty years ago Emile Zola came to the Eternal City in search of material for the composition of his "Rome," one of the volumes of his famous tritych "Les Trois Villes. "and Ojetti was one of the first to place himself at the feet of the master of the French school of naturalism. The young Italian journalist—he was then young—accompanied Zola one morning to the palace of Prince Baldassarre Odescalchi. Zola was immensely taken with the Prince, a Deputy to the Italian Parliament, who seated himself between two family portraits, one of Innocent XI., both by Francesco Paolo Michetti. "Altesse — Votre Altesse — O Altesse!" began Zola, and he begged Ojetti to act as shorthand reporter of the interview which followed. Ojetti declares that what he then wrote down, and he wrote on as Odescalchi chatted for an hour upon socialism, the Papacy, the building crisis, Freemasonary and the South of Italy, Zola printed textually in his "Rome." A few words only were altered and a few accents corrected.

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THERE is nothing vague in Ojetti's prose, nothing verbose or flatulent—a relief after much Italian that has been written in the twentieth century. His description of a dramatic meeting between Bissolati, Lloyd George, Orlando and others at Rapallo in November, 1917, is an example of how vivid a picture he is capable of drawing with a few lines. Some of his sentences are epigrammatic: "In Rome the centuries are much more brief than elsewhere." "The man who accumulates books accumulates desires; and the man who has many desires is very young, even at 80." One of his best sketches is full of clever epigrams which he professes to have taken from an unpublished manuscript of a member of Parliament whose name he withholds:

> "What today is called the civic ideal is to reduce Italy to the condition (this was before the advent of Mussolini) in which thirty-five millions of inhabitants shall demand alms from four millions rendered incapable of bestowing them."
>
> "To understand fully the logic of the recent novel axiom, 'Work always less in order that you may earn always more,' imagine that your stomach should speak and say: 'Eat always less in order that you may digest always more.' "
>
> "If you are engaged in matters of foreign affairs, remember that the activity of a diplomat consists entirely in preventing others from acting."
>
> "Teach always a little less than you know."

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DESPITE the high cost of paper and high wages, Italian publishers are printing a great number of books; but most of them, like this by Ojetti, consist of collected periodical articles and addresses—some of them by members of Mussolini's Cabinet, including Mussolini himself. Gentile, Minister of Public Instruction, has just brought out two volumes of this character: "Dante e Manzoni" and "I Profetti del Risorgimento" (Massini and Gioberti) both published by Vallecchi of Florence. De Stefani, Minister of Finance, has collected his "Discorsi" (1920-1923) through the new Fascist publishing house "Imperia" of Milan. A volume by Edmondo Rossoni, General Secretary of Fascist syndicalism, has been printed in Florence by Bemporad, "Le Idee della Ricostruzione. "Discorsi sul Sindacalismo Fascista," but after reading it carefully one continues in blissful ignorance as to precisely what this new syndicalism really is. "Problemi Militari della Nuova Italia," by Aldo Valori, and "La Politica Economica e Finanziaria del Facismo (Ottobre, 1922-Giugno, 1923."), by Professor Federino Flora of the University of Bologna, are two other volumes by writers of merited high reputation, published by "Imperia" in a collection of "Quaderni." Ex-Prime Minister Orlando's volume of "Discorsi per la Guerra e per la Pace" (1915-1921) is published by Campitelli of Foligno.

The large proportion of books of this type issued is indicative of the nervous temperament prevailing at this hour. The world is moving. Even men of the best intellect feel that at the moment they have not time for sustained analytical research, while the reading public here, as in certain other parts of the globe, seem to prefer to take its intellectual meals—at the lunch counter.

H. NELSON GAY.

"A Man's a Man For A' That"

THE REAL ROBERT BURNS. By J. L. Hughes, LL.D. 316 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.75.

"THE Real Robert Burns," by J. L. Hughes, LL. D., is far more than an attempt to brighten the memory of a poet arrant. It is a serious effort to bring before our eyes the one great Scotch bard and make us see him as a person worthy to be taken in earnest apart from his usual special gifts. Mr. Hughes is evidently not one of those who imagine that upon Burns's death his name changed from a proper noun (not so very proper) to a third person singular present indicative. In fact the intent of this somewhat unusual series of, as it were, parallel biographical sketches is to recall to us that Burns was a democrat, genuinely religious, had the mind of a philosopher, and, what is more, possessed a singularly pure, non-sensual point of view toward the passion of love.

All these things are true. Nevertheless, we cannot agree with Mr. Hughes that "had his [Burns's] weaknesses been tenfold what they were, his biographers should have said nothing about them."; What is rather to be wished is a scrupulously fair presentment of the working forces in a man's life, with their conflicts, causes and effects. Surely if a man is sufficiently important to merit a biography he is also able to stand on his own feet without the crutches of suppression and evasion. Furthermore, when the chronicler admits at the outset the necessity for such reticence, some readers may fear that his silence amounts to an actual distortion of the facts. When one is speaking of an immortal it may not always be wise that either the good or the evil be "interred with their bones."

Mr. Hughes's standpoint is simply that a great artist did immortal work, and that only the admittedly good and worthy passages in his life could possibly have any noteworthy effect upon that work. Once granting this restricted outlook and method, "The Real Robert Burns" is on the whole a careful, thorough and sympathetic study. Its exposition of the many sound and fine things in Burns's character and life is much needed. Too often it is forgotten that this poet was not a mere scapegrace and the champion bad boy of his generation, but, on the contrary, a singularly fine, strong and even mature soul.

The author's chapter headings are illustrative of his method and outlook. In the foreword and in Chapter 1. on "The True Values of Biography," we are told the writer's views on the mission of biographers in general and with especial reference to the case of Burns. The second chapter, "The Educational Advantages of Burns," points out that the frequent conception of the great Scotsman as a somewhat naïve and unlettered person is incorrect. Both at home and in school his work in languages, mathematics and debating seems to have been thorough and to have had a very "unschoolboyish" quality of real originality. In the next chapter, "The Characteristics of Burns," are discussed his great shyness and diffidence, especially with women, his unselfishness and his industry as painstaking as a farmer and excise man.

Chapter IV., "Burns Was a Religious Man," treats of the breadth and sane liberalism of Burns's attitude toward religion. His feeling as to the search of man for God was evidently deep and sincere, and what little skepticism he showed was no more than that of the honest inquirer. In Chapter V., on "Burns the Democrat," we learn that Burns's democracy was substantially that of Lincoln when he said "As I would not willingly be a slave, so I would not willingly be a master." Surely a sturdier and honester democracy than many things that pass for the name in more recent years! "Burns and Brotherhood" helps us to imagine his true unselfishness and unwavering Christianity of spirit.

"Burns a Revealer of Pure Love," though it is a very incomplete chapter, is decidedly truthful and very interesting so far as it goes. Burns was not a scorner or a deceiver of women. Despite certain errors in his life he tried to be just and faithful. Furthermore, when he erred, it was not from taking certain aspects of life too lightly, but rather because his extreme reverence and seriousness allowed them to become too dominant. In the eighth chapter, "Burns a Philosopher," Mr. Hughes shows, with convincing examples, that Burns was a thinking man and that his ideas on life were of great value and importance. The final chapter is devoted to a chronological summary of the main events in Burns's life, including the dates of his most important written work. One of the most valuable features of this book is the great profusion of well-chosen quotations from Burns's verse and correspondence and from the letters of his contemporaries.

Despite its above-mentioned limitations, which lead at times to a certain sentimentality of tone, "The Real Robert Burns" is well worth while. It is a clear treatment of certain significant aspects of the poet's life and should be read at least once by any one whose interests are even casually concerned with its subject.

EDWARD ROTCH.

Literary Anniversaries of 1924

Dates in the Forthcoming Year Associated With Books and Writers

Immanuel Kant.

IT is Count Korzybski who defines man as fundamentally a "time-binder." There is a wide range of meaning to the term as he applies it, but among its humbler meanings would be that with which this article is concerned. The coming year will arrive bedizened with literary anniversaries. Perhaps some of the most significant of these occasions are destined to pass all but unnoticed. Others will be seized upon as far too glamorous to be neglected.

Seven hundred years ago, in 1224, Jean Sire de Joinville, chronicler in the Old French language, biographer of St. Louis of France, was born. His writings include what is still the best summary of the theoretical duties of a Christian King in mediæval times. He liked to represent himself as very human, but was exceedingly reverent of his King and a witness at his canonization. "A nobler Boswell," says George Saintsbury, and when writing of his own exploits, "while garrulous to a degree, seems to have been free from the slightest taint of boasting."

About a hundred years later John Wyclif was born, but the year 1324 is merely the most plausible of the approximate dates assigned.

Taking another leap, we come to 1374. On July 18 the great Petrarch, tenderly cared for by his natural daughter and occupied in his favorite studies, passed out from this earth. It is thought that in the same year John Lydgate, an English poet and translator of Boccaccio, was born.

Four hundred and fifty years ago, on Sept. 8, was the natal day of Ariosto. On a date approximately fixed as in the same year Gavin Douglas, Scottish poet and Bishop, first saw the light. He was an amiable man and well gifted as a poet, but family connections and the circumstances of the times forced him into an exciting political and martial career. He put a Scotch Winter into his translation of the "Aeneid."

Four hundred years ago is believed to have been the birth date of Camoens, the great epic poet of Portugal. His was a singular experience; he was shipwrecked and lost everything except his chief poem.

In the same year was born on Sept. 11 Pierre de Ronsard, acclaimed for his lyric qualities as the "Prince of Poets." It was the Toulouse Academy of Floral Games who first gave this name to Ronsard, and although he had not entered their lists as a competitor they crowned him with their usual golden wreath of eglantine and also sent nerva. Untitled women frequently him a massive silver statue of Mi- burned incense before him, while Queen Elizabeth presented him with a very precious diamond and Mary Stuart sent from prison a buffet surmounted by a silver Pegasus, standing on the summit of Parnassus, bearing this inscription: "To Ronsard, the Apollo of the fountain of the Muses."

Three hundred and fifty years ago, according to some authorities, was the year of Ben Jonson's birth. It was, without dispute, the year when Joseph Hall was born—on July 1—English Bishop and satirist. Pope called his "Satires" "the best poetry and the best satire in the English language," but Hallam found him harsh and obscure. Swift is said to have derived hints for "Gulliver's Travels" from "Mundus alter et idem," a description of an imaginary commonwealth.

Three hundred years ago, George Fox, founder of the Friends, was born. The month was July, but the day is not known. On Nov. 17 of the same year died Jacob Boehme, German mystic, the herd boy who saw the pail of gold.

Robert Herrick, author of "Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye May," died just 250 years ago, on Oct. 15. Milton died on Nov. 8 of the same year.

On Dec. 9, also in 1674, the first Earl of Clarendon died. His "History of the Rebellion," praised by Macaulay and considered a very creditable work to this day, is composed in the grand style and is notable for its skillful portraits. He was a friend of Ben Jonson's. In 1663 he was one of the eight lords proprietors of Carolina, and in 1664 sent a commissionon to settle disputes in New England.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Immanuel Kant will occur April 22. Kant had his own notions about women and their response to learning. He once remarked that such women ought to endeavor to grow a beard so as to appear more profound. He was a personable fellow. He followed fashions in clothing more carefully than might be expected for an abstract thinker, making an exception in the case of his hat. He continued to wear a certain three-cornered hat twenty years after it had become outmoded, using it also indoors as an eyeshade when reading. His eyes, which were blue and said by a man who was his pupil to have had a spiritual expression, were "not large, but lively, tender and penetrative." The philosopher was very thankful for any attentions shown him. A bachelor throughout life, his heart is said to have been captured on three different occasions. One young woman he ceased to care for as "no fit companion for me," and in the other two instances he was deterred from marrying by the meagreness of his income.

July 2, 1924, will be two hundred years since the birth of Klopstock. There is no better way of illustrating the character of Klopstock's genius than by quoting the impressive passage in Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther" where his name occurs. Werther has been describing a thunderstorm witnessed by Lotte and himself:

> In the distance the thunder was dying away; a glorious rain fell gently upon the land, and the most refreshing perfume arose to us out of the fullness of the warm air. She stood leaning upon her elbow; her glance penetrated the distance, she looked heavenward and upon me; I saw her eyes fill with tears; she laid her hand upon mine and said, "Klopstock!" I at once remembered the beautiful ode "Die Frühlingsfeier" (The Spring Festival), which was in her mind, and lost myself in the torrent of emotions which rushed over me with this name.

One hundred and fifty years ago Oliver Goldsmith died on April 4. The fever to which he succumbed was aggravated, it is said, by his insistence upon trusting to a popular remedy known as James's Powder. Patent medicines have their forebears.

On June 3 of that year Robert Tannahill, a Scotch poet of much charm, was born. He is remembered for a handful of lyrics, most of which were set to music. They evince a strong feeling for nature, not imitating Burns, but suggesting him. Many hearts have been touched by "Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes," "Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane" and "Gloomy Winter's Now Awa'." He was apprenticed to his father's trade of silk weaver at the age of 12. Delicate as a child, one of his legs grew slenderer than the other, and the little fellow shyly wore additional stockings to conceal the disparity. His love for Jenny Tennant (who was also sometimes "Jessie" in his songs) turned out unhappily. According to one tradition, the reason she came to care less for him was because he was unable to carry on conversation when they walked together after sundown. The diffidence which characterized him in youth remained with him in manhood. Unfortunate in various ways, symptoms of aberration of mind developed, and at the age of 36 he ended his life by his own hand.

Southey was born Aug. 12, 150 years ago.

Thomas Edward Bowdich, a travel writer who was one of the many victims of the attempt to explore the Dark Continent, died in Africa 100 years ago, on Jan. 10, 1824. On March 2 Susanna H. Rowson died at Boston, Mass. She was the author of a once-famous novel, "Charlotte Temple." Born in England, her literary success was identified with the United States, where she lived for the greater part of her life.

Byron will have been dead for just one hundred years on April 19 next. The vivid circumstances surrounding his death — his arrival in Greece with a view to becoming it liberator — the rapidly succeeding illness to which he succumbed — the firing of the minute-guns and general mourning in the oppressed nation which followed—these stirring episodes are too well known to need re-petition.

The same year brings the centenary of Joseph Joubert's death. The great French moralist expired on May 3. Throughout his entire lifetime Joubert refused to publish a word of his writings.

In the same year that saw the passing of these illustrious figures there were born Wilkie Collins, one of the most ingenious of all story-tellers, Jan. 8; George William Curtis, well remembered American editor, novelist and statesman, Feb. 24; Sydney Dobell, the English poet, April 5; Alexandre Dumas fils—the Dumas of "Camille"—July 27; Adeline D. T. Whitney, famous writer for girls, Sept. 15, and Francis Turner Palgrave, compiler of "The Golden Treasury," Sept. 28.

George William Curtis edited "Harper's Easy Chair" for nearly half a century. In the earlier part of his life he was a member of the Brook Farm Community, a prominent Abolitionist and a leader of the Republican Party from the time of its inception. After 1871 he became a zealous advocate of civil service reform. There is little need to enlarge here upon his sterling traits of character, nor upon the quality of his polished and engaging style as writer and orator.

In 1824 there also came into the world that unscrupulous but brilliant charlatan, Constantine L. Philip Simonides, a literary forger. This impostor succeeded in disposing of to scholarly purchasers in England, Germany, Greece and Egypt what purported to be ancient classical works written in Greek and Latin. A few of the manuscripts he sold were genuine.

Half a century ago two historians of the first rank passed away in the same year—Michelet on Feb. 9 and Guizot on Sept. 12. Jules Janin, French novelist, better remembered now as a dramatic critic, died on June 19 of that year; Agnes Strickland, author of "Lives of the Queens of England," on July 8, and Barry Cornwall, the English verse writer, whose real name was Bryan W. Procter, on Oct. 5.

This might well close the roll of the great memories with which the coming year will be freighted, but 1924 is especially a fitting year of which to record the anniversaries of great books. It is peculiarly the time for such milestones, because it is the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first book ever printed in English. This was William Caxton's "Game and Play of Chesse."

One hundred and fifty years ago Burke made his famous speech against American taxation, on April 19.

One hundred years ago Macaulay's first essay, "Milton," was published. The year 1824 was likewise marked by the appearance of Scott's "Red Gauntlet" and "St. Ronan's Well," and by Irving's "Tales of a Traveller." Catharine Maria Sedgwick—a novelist well known to students of early American literary annals—brought out "Redwood," in England, Mary Russell Mitford commenced the publication of "Our Village," and William Godwin began to issue his "History of the Commonwealth." Byron concluded "Don Juan" and Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" commenced to appear. Carlyle's translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" was issued.

Fifty years ago the horizon again blazed with a galaxy whose powerful spell is well recognized in our own day. It was the year when James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night" appeared, and Thomas Hardy's "Far From the Madding Crowd," and Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." Leslie Stephen's "Hours in a Library" commenced to appear, and the well-esteemed Green's "Short History of the English People" was issued. Dean Farrar's "Life of Christ" came out—a book which was translated into many languages and was as popular as Papini is today.

The Last Journal of David Livingstone was printed just fifty years ago. That, too, was the year of Mahaffey's "Social Life in Greece," John Lothrop Motley's "Life and Death of John Barneveld," Francis Parkman's "The Old Régime," George Henry Lewes's "Problems of Life and Mind," George Eliot's "The Legend of Jubal," Swinburne's "Bothwell," Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "The Cloth of Gold and Other Poems," and W. D. Howells's "A Chance Acquaintance."

Stephen Crane, a Literary Meteor

STEPHEN CRANE: A Study in American Letters. By Thomas Beer. With an Introduction by Joseph Conrad. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

STEPHEN CRANE is in some respects one of the most meteoric figures in the history of American literature. Like one of those "temporary stars" that at times burst forth to dazzle the astronomer, he rose almost over night from oblivion to the brightness of the first magnitude, and almost over night he waned and dwindled until he became little more than a telescopic dot of light. Some twenty-five years ago, when "The Red Badge of Courage" was selling by the thousand, he was one of the most prominent writers in the English-speaking world; today his name is rarely mentioned, his verse has been relegated to an oblivion perhaps deserved, and his prose, which certainly has strong claims to permanent attention, is known only to those favored few who tread the musty byways of literature.

It was Stephen Crane's misfortune to be famous at 25 and on his deathbed at 28. His sun had no sooner risen in splendor than it set in permanent night; his brilliant dawn was followed by an early eclipse that was doomed to be total and permanent. Born in 1871, he would be no more than middle-aged were he alive today; and, were he alive, his name would doubtless be known to every housewife and schoolboy in the land. Death, which denies everything, has withheld even a deserved remembrance for that which Crane accomplished in the few years that were given to him.

Thomas Beer's monograph represents a gallant attempt to dissociate the truth about Crane from the falsehood and to weigh dispassionately all the facts for and against him as a man and as a writer. Prefaced as it is with an introduction by Joseph Conrad, an intimate friend of Crane's and one of his ardent admirers, this book should do much toward bringing Crane back from the misty borderland that verges on oblivion. But while containing high praise for the author of "The Red Badge," the volume is not written in unduly glowing terms nor with the air of the idol-worshiper; it does not make of Crane a hero nor a demi-god, nor intimate that his place is on high Olympus; it merely tries to depict him faithfully as he was, a man not without his faults, a writer not without his limitations, and yet one with limitations less grave than the judgment of the years would seem to imply and fault far more venial than mere gossip will admit.

For Crane, in common with many another and many a greater than he, has been the target of the petty scandal-monger, the target of that reptilian order of human beings who find literature a pleasant pastime only when it permits them to fling mud at the private careers of those that make literature. Thus, as Mr. Beer reminds us, it was common gossip that Crane was a drunkard, a drug fiend, a man of flagrant immorality; it was even rumored, without the least shred of evidence, that he could not write when sober—and all these reports, as the biographer demonstrates, were not only unfounded but grossly unjust to one whose character was never impeached by any that knew him.

Many of the charges against Crane appear to be directly ascribable to the jealousy of those who took his early and apparently complete success almost as a personal affront. Yet it is notable that even Crane, whose period of apprenticeship and struggling was so much briefer than that of many another writer, did not succeed without a desperate effort. He, too, had his lean years in a garret; he, too, tried his hand without success at miscellaneous journalistic jobs, from reporting to the writing of casual articles; he, too, had cause to storm at the stereotyped conservatism of publishers, the obtuseness of editors; and many a manuscript wept from his hands to return via the route of the rejection slip.

Ultimately, of course, he did succeed, though his "Maggie" was never to be a popular favorite. But recognition came to him tumultuously and instantaneously upon the appearance of that epoch-making "best seller," "The Red Badge of Courage." This was a Civil War story conspicuous for its vivid realism and for its irony, an irony characteristic of all that Crane wrote; and its success is perhaps to be explained by the fact that it dealt with the Civil War rather than that it was ironical, for irony did not seem to agree with the mood of the times (indeed, it was scarcely noted at all in the case of "The Red Badge"), and much that Crane wrote failed of recognition simply because its tone was one of sardonic mockery. But now that nearly a quarter of a century has passed since last Crane laid down his pen, the time is ripe for a new and more discerning evaluation of his work, for a dispassionate and enlightened verdict as to his place among the writers of America and of the world; and Mr. Beer's biography will have accomplished a praiseworthy object if it but opens the way to such a verdict and such an evaluation.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

THE ITALIAN FARMERS PROTEST THE CHANGE IN POPE GREGORY'S CALENDAR

In Order to Restore the Equinox to Its Former Place Pope Gregory XIII. Directed That Ten Working Days Be Suppressed in the Calendar

Latest Works of Fiction

VINDICATION. A novel by Stephen McKenna. 383 pp. Boston: Little Brown & Co.

ONCE there was a time when it was a comparatively easy task to pass judgment on a work of fiction; for once there was a time when fiction was comparatively simple. But either this time was long ago, or else it seems long ago, so mightily have things changed in the past few years. Fiction no longer contents itself with simple plots and direct, sharp crises. In fact, the very opposite appears to be the case. The novelist of today feels that first of all he must assume the rôle of scientist, his fields of exploration being the social fabric and the human mind. Having finished his explorations and amassed a vast quantity of unassimilated data he then turns novelist, sketches a plot, devises two or three characters and tries to assimilate his accumulated data vicariously—that is to say, he shifts the responsibility of digestion from himself to his characters with a result that is neither scientifically reliable nor artistically successful.

It is the reflection in one field of art of an age which was never securely based in its thinking because of the inroads of science, and which was further thrown off its balance by a war that changed social habits and values. An excellent example of this "groping school" of fiction is "Vindication," by the English author Stephen McKenna, whose fame rests chiefly upon the novel "Sonia," published some years back, and who has turned out several other books of less excellence in the intervening years.

"Vindication" is the story of an English "country-house girl," Gloria Britton, the daughter of a notorious gambler and a music-hall actress, who spends her teens as a peripatetic week-end guest at house parties, and who makes the shadow of a living at bridge and by betting on her skill at tennis. Gloria is more lovely than lovable. As one would easily guess, she is labeled, "object matrimony," the words raised from lower-case to capitals when her gambling parent—the other one having died long before—is forced into bankruptcy by a horde of cigar and wine-vending creditors. Gloria has not an illusion, not the shred of an illusion; therefore the next notation in this summary is hardly necessary. Gloria is determined to marry well. But for place or money? That is the question. And the reader will be carried through many tortuous pages before he gets the answer—money.

So far we have scarcely nothing in the story but melodrama, and that of a very old and not too interesting sort. McKenna, however, had done a bit of social exploring before he started the book, with the result that his story takes a peculiar turn which can be explained only on the grounds already discussed in the preamble. The author's purpose is to put the new social order against the old—material prosperity without a family tree against a family tree unsustained by material prosperity. After falling in love with Sir Norman Cartwright, who must sell Newbridge Park because it is so encumbered with mortgages, she marries Freddie Kendaile, the son of an upstart but enormously rich banker. As an instance of the frantic manner in which the novelist gropes around it should be explained that Gloria was actually in love with Norman, and he with her; and that she does not suddenly throw him over for Freddie's millions.

With no discernible motivation in what has gone before in the story, no adequate psychological motivation discernible in either character, Kendaile forces Gloria to yield her person to him while a guest in his own house. The marriage follows subsequently and hastily, but not without great display; and to all intents and purposes the novel would seem to have reached its conclusion. Far from it. Sir Norman soon assuages his hurt by making a match with a little heiress of 20 years, whose father has built railroads on five continents, and who hyphenates his name, presumably to atone for the fact that his own father wielded pick and shovel. The novel has in nowise ended; it has just begun.

But all long stories must be cut short. While the off-shoot of the Cartwright family tree is in Belgium working for his father-in-law to gather money to pay the mortgages on Newbridge, Freddie Kendaile seduces Sir Norman's unsophisticated little wife. By means of an anonymous letter and a maid-servant—what would novelists do without those old devices!—Gloria learns of her husband's infidelity and promptly conveys the information to Sir Norman. The latter forgives his betrayed wife; and, after a stormy scene with Freddie, Gloria decides not to leave him. His act of infidelity—or was it that he selected the wife of Norman for its object?—has "vindicated" her!

The long, secret struggle with Norman and Margery had ended in their annihilation; their hateful dignity was in the mud; never again would either of them, knowing what she (Gloria) knew, dare to look her in the eyes.

As she turned from the window she asked herself for a moment what either of them had done to merit such hatred; but the answer was too long and complicated.

And the answer, we suspect, would be too long and complicated for Stephen McKenna, although, doubtless, he believes he has given it in the book.

The story, however, cannot be dismissed as melodrama. The author has found a social order undergoing fundamental change and a psychology that operates in new and strange ways. That he has in any way solved any of the new problems by his fantastic plot and his assemblage of characters which are largely contradictory of themselves, can hardly be granted. But that he has attempted to throw some light on puzzling phenomena must surely be granted. He gropes, both in his thinking and in his style. The book improves as it progresses; and it will be found provocative. And if not to be taken too seriously it is not to be dismissed too lightly.

BLACK BRYONY

BLACK BRYONY. By T. F. Powys. With five woodcuts by E. A. Ormerod. 184 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

MUCH in small compass is the strange little book by T. F. Powys, to which the English author has given the enigmatic title "Black Bryony." A reading of the story—it cannot be called a novel—reveals the double fact that black bryony is the name of a climbing plant the berries of which are poisonous and that the use of the name for a title is symbolic. In fact, symbolism is the key to the book, although there is so much of realism also that it would be an error to relegate Powys to the symbolist school. The story does not conform to any classification; the author calls it a "moonlight fantasy," and as such it should be taken. It is a remarkable little book in many ways; and if not likely to enjoy any wide reading, those looking for something out of the ordinary, something to pique their literary taste, will do well to give "Black Bryony" the attention of a few hours.

The scene of the fantasy is laid in rural England, the characters being various rural personages—a country schoolmaster, the rector, the innkeeper, the undertaker, a "carrier," with his temperamental auto bus, the son of the rector and a Salvation Army "lassie." The kaleidoscopic changes of nature which form a background symbolize the changing mental states of the characters, and the black bryony plant, which the Army girl pulls up to twine around her neck, signifies the poison of her earthly nature overpowering the spiritual. The girl has a child by the schoolmaster. This child, which she leaves at the door of the rectory, has upon its forehead the imprint of a black bryony leaf, and when the good rector adopts the foundling he names him Bryony. Little Bryony and the rector are ultimately burned up in a fire which the priest sets in a frenzy of religious delusion. The rector's son turns out to have been a thief, following an example in thievery set him by Mary, the Salvationist "lassie." The schoolmaster, after he has been turned out of his school for teaching the children something of the mysteries of sex in the propagation of flowers (mysteries concerning which they knew far more than he) commits suicide.

Yet for all this the story cannot be called either morbid or pessimistic, for, by adopting the guise of "fantasy," writing what is virtually a parable, it is as if the author had said at the outset, "Behold, I show you a mystery:" And that is the first and last word. The story is told with irony, beauty and the quaint humor of the rural district in which the scene is laid. Mr. Balliboy's car manages always to have its breakdown when close to the inn taproom; the innkeeper, through an emissary, has proposed to a certain widow 107 times, and the undertaker feels it his social duty to pay for the evening's ale because one of the company has prophesied a pestilential Winter with death riding on the blast. And Mary, fleeing in Mr. Balliboy's car with Hugh, the rector's son, with whom she is in love,

had often felt stillness before, but generally after her preaching; sometimes even it came after she had satiated her firm girl's body with other matters. Sometimes, when the ecstacy of love was quieted, the stillness of God came in. But now these two were strangely met.

Mr. Powys has not made the year's most momentous contribution to literature, but he has made one of the year's most original contributions. The eerie tale of "Black Bryony," slender, is unique. It is also profound.

SOULS IN HELL

SOULS IN HELL. A Mystery of the Unseen. By John O'Neill. 253 pp. New York: Nicholas L. Brown. $2.50.

A CURIOUS sort of hybrid is this novel, the result of crossing a tale of mysterious murder with a psychic narrative of reincarnation and spiritism. The psychic part of it is done much more effectively than is the other and contains some vivid and impressive description. The author's approach to his theme is very roundabout, leisurely and circumstantial, by which he achieves now and then an effect of realism. But, in the main, the story part of his novel is along conventional lines, which are not always made wholly credible. It is the tale of how a famous actor of evil life, a matinee idol, gains an apparent advantage over a good woman who is a loving wife and a devoted mother and presses it so hard that she plans to kill him. Her brother, an aviator hero of the war, also plans to kill the man, but neither of them does, although the villain is found dead in the road with the war hero standing beside his body. The reader does not know until the very end who has done the deed, but his attention is kept in the meantime centred some times on the progress of events, sometimes on what is done by some of the characters in their attempt to penetrate behind the veil of material things and throw light on the dark places of the mystery, sometimes on what is happening to the murdered actor after his death. Here is where one learns the significance of the book's title, for the spirit of the dead man, after passing through horrifying and repellent experiences is finally impressed with the assurance that his soul has made its *own* hell, during his earth life, has, in fact, been very busy during several incarnations providing and intensifying the revolting fate which meets and envelopes him as soon as it leaves his body. This portion of the story, describing the actor's experiences after his death, is written with vigor, color and eloquence, and also with restraint. Artistically, it is quite the best part of the book.

The novel has other psychic features, for several of its characters are deeply interested in reincarnation and spiritism and the action is frequently helped on by conversations on these subjects. A short story written by one of them in which he embodies incidents concerning the murder about which he learns by psychic means plays an important part in bringing about the climax. Some of the characters also have the gift of remembering or having glimpses of previous incarnations, and these visions aid the development of the narrative.

LOVE COURAGEOUS.

LOVE COURAGEOUS. By Concordia Merrel. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

THE thesis propounded in Concordia Merrel's "Love Courageous" might have been fashioned into a much better novel than the rather aimless affair which has resulted and which is saved from complete mediocrity only through the rather neatly turned prose of the author and her capacity for setting forth a group of characters with some degree of verisimilitude. As it is, the book is one which the reader will constantly wish were better. Miss Merrel's situation upon which the entire novel is built is the agreement of a daughter to a loveless marriage in order to please the vagaries of her dying mother. Virginia Goring promises that she will wed Fordyce Merivale, and then, of course, she immediately comes in contact with a quiet masterful artist named Desmond Preston. It is not long before Virginia, who has succeeded to rich estates and is therefore quite desirable, discovers herself to be in love with Desmond, and the remainder of the book is concerned with the various aspects of this love struggling with a vow to the dead mother.' The artistic life is swept into the book, and there is a model, Betty, who complicates matters. Virginia's wastrel brother, Lucas, revels in his newly found wealth to the extent of motor-cars and wild parties. Lucas, however, is rather pleasantly drawn. The reader is aware long in advance that he is suddenly going to develop into Virginia's best pal and advise her not to plunge into the loveless marriage with Fordyce. How things work out and the various steps that lead up to Virginia's eventual happiness make up a book that is only fairly interesting.

The narrative strength displayed by Miss Merrel in this book is less than her ability to present rather entertaining characterizations; and the failure of the novel properly to engross the reader must be laid to the lack of originality with which the situations are handled. There is nothing unique or particularly sustained to keep the reader agog and there is nothing in the characters to awaken a concern for them. They pass out of consciousness with the end of the story and one is not interested in them. Now and then a pathetic note is well sounded and there are moments when the reader is aware that the subject-matter is essentially romantic but the emotion is neither tense nor unusual. It is merely a somewhat ordinary love story with one or two twists which still show that Miss Merrel can do better work.

Current Magazines

THE first number of The American Mercury, published by Alfred A. Knopf and edited by H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, appears in attractive dress and with an interesting list of contributors. Isaac R. Pennypacker writes on "The Lincoln Legend," and begins by smashing the tradition of Lincoln's obscure origin. He calls attention to the fact that the only obscure member of the family was Lincoln's father, who was left an orphan at an early age, the family property going to his eldest brother. Carl Van Doren contributes an essay on "Stephen Crane," Harry E. Barnes discusses "The Drool Method in History," John W. Owens writes on "The Tragic Hiram," referring to Hiram Johnson, and James Oneal tells what he thinks of "The Communist Hoax." There are four poems by Theodore Dreiser, a number of letters by the late James Gibbons Huneker, and short stories by Ruth Suckow, John McClure and Leonard Lanson Cline. Under the heading "Clinical Notes," the editors have their say about a number of things, and in addition Mr. Nathan discusses "The Theatre," and Mr. Mencken "The Library." Other articles are "Aesthete: Model 1924," by Ernest Boyd; "Two Years of Disarmament," by Miles Martindale; "Santayana at Cambridge," by Margaret Münsterberg; "The New Thought," by Woodbridge Riley; and "On a Second-Rate War," by X. Samuel C. Chew contributes a conversation in dialogue form, entitled "Mr. Moore and Mr. Chew," and "The Arts and Sciences" are discussed by C. Grant La Farge, L. M. Hussey and George Philip Krapp. The aims of the review are set forth in an editorial which emphatically denies the report that the editors are radicals:

> Neither is a Radical or the son of a Radical, or, indeed, the friend of any known Radical. Both view the capitalistic system, if not exactly amorously, then at all events politely. The Radical proposals to destroy it at one blow seem to them to be as full of folly as the Liberal proposals to denaturise it by arousing its better nature. They believe that it is destined to endure in the United States, perhaps long after it has broken up everywhere else, if only because the illusion that any bright boy can make himself a part of it remains a cardinal article of the American national religion—and no sentient man will ever confess himself doomed to life imprisonment in the proletariat so long as the slightest hope remains, in fact or in fancy, of getting out of it. Thus class consciousness is not one of our national diseases; we suffer, indeed, from its opposite—the delusion that class barriers are not real. That delusion reveals itself in many forms, some of them as beautiful as a glass eye. One is the Liberal doctrine that a prairie demagogue promoted to the United States Senate will instantly show all the sagacity of a Metternich and all the high rectitude of a Pierre Bayard. Another is the doctrine that a moron run through a university and decorated with a Ph. D. will cease thereby to be a moron. Another is the doctrine that J. P. Morgan's press agents and dishwashers make competent Cabinet Ministers and Ambassadors. Yet another, a step further, is the doctrine that the interests of capital and labor are identical—which is to say that the interests of landlord and tenant, hangman and condemned, cat and rat are identical. Such notions, alas! seem to permeate all American thinking, the shallowness of which has been frequently remarked by foreign observers, particularly in the Motherland. It will be an agreeable duty to track down some of the worst nonsense prevailing and to do execution upon it—but indignantly, of course, but nevertheless with a sufficient play of malice to give the business a Christian and philanthropic air.

In the January Century Magazine is the first instalment of the "Family Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle," written to her cousins, Helen and Jeannie Welsh. Some 220 of these letters, hitherto unpublished, have recently been discovered and are to be published in book form. In the meantime a few of them will appear in the Century. Among those in the January number is one which relates an amusing encounter with Tennyson:

> Carlyle went to dine at Mr. Chadwick's the other day, and I not being yet equal to a dinner, although I was asked to "Come in a blanket and stay all night"! had made up my mind for a nice, long, quiet evening of looking into the fire, when I heard a carriage drive up, and men's voices asking questions, and then the carriage was sent away! and the men proved to be Alfred Tennyson of all people and his friend, Mr. Moxon. Alfred lives in the country and only comes to London rarely and for a few days, so that I was overwhelmed with the sense of Carlyle's misfortune in having missed the man he likes best for stupid Chadwicks, especially as he had gone against his will at my earnest persuasion. Alfred is dreadfully embarrassed with women alone—for he entertains at one and the same moment a feeling of almost adoration for them and an ineffable contempt! Adoration, I suppose, for what they might be—contempt for what they are! The only chance of my getting any right good of him was to make him forget my womanness—so I did just as Carlyle would have done, had he been there; got out pipes and tobacco—and brandy and water—with a deluge of tea over and above. The effect of these accessories was miraculous—he professed to be ashamed of polluting my room. "felt," he said, "as if he were stealing cups and sacred vessels in the Temple"—but he smoked on all the same—for three mortal hours! talking like an angel—only exactly as if he were talking with a clever man—which—being a thing I am not used to—men always adapting their conversation to what they take to be a woman's taste—strained me to a terrible pitch of intellectuality.

In the December number of the Critic is an editorial plea for opera in English. The writer contends that we have been content too long to accept our grand opera in Italian, French and German, simply because Milan, Paris and Berlin have refused to tolerate English, and adds:

> If grand opera is to take its place as a lofty and permanent expression of Anglo-Saxon music, the use of our own tongue is absolutely essential. Not until we thoroughly appreciate this fact will we get a more general and more genuine taste for the opera. Our pleasure in the music drama will continue to be that of the parvenu, and we will have to content ourselves with the cues we get from the foreigner and his parisitical claque, unless we encourage the production of grand opera in English.
>
> In London, where there has been a splendid revival of grand opera in English, with the assistance of British and American artists, the time-honored adherence to foreign language has received a well-deserved blow. In the interest of a more intelligent patronage, and of the elimination of what has heretofore been a really superficial stumbling-block to the efforts of American artists, it remains for us to follow the excellent example of our English cousins.

The December number of Architecture contains an interesting article on "The Dutch Colonial Farm-House," illustrated with photographs of examples chiefly from the northern counties of New Jersey. Fiske Kimball writes on "The Genesis of Jefferson's Plan for the University of Virginia"; M. Luckiesh discusses "The Lighting of Museums"; there is a reprint of a leaflet of the Chicago Chapter of the American Institute of Architects on "The Architect vs. the Public," pleading for the identification of the architect with his work, and an editorial on the same subject entitled "Who Was the Architect?" There is the usual array of technical articles with excellent plates and illustrations.

In view of the prevalence of payroll hold-ups and the agitation for payment by check, it is interesting to read in the December issue of the Nation's Business how the difficulty of cashing checks has been overcome in other cities. We are told that in many cities, notably in Minneapolis, department stores have opened regular departments for the cashing of checks. Identification is not insisted upon except in cases where the suspicion of the paying teller is aroused, but the person who presents the check is required to give his name and address. The losses from fraudulent checks are given by one Minneapolis department store manager as approximately one-fiftieth of 1 per cent. This loss and the expenses of maintaining the service are more than made up by the increased number of people brought into the store. The office where checks are cashed is never placed near an entrance to the store, but is so situated that those who use it must pass through one or more departments where goods are displayed for sale. There is no charge for cashing checks, except for out-of-town checks, for which the banks also make a charge, nor is there any obligation on the part of those who use the service to buy goods in the store. Nevertheless, a sufficient number of them do buy to make the service pay.

Sir Basil Thompson, K. C. B., writes in the December number of Travel on "The Paris of the Caribbean," meaning Havana. He devotes some space to the Island of Cuba in general and has this to say of its needs:

> What the island needs is population—that is, population of the right kind. She has more than enough of colored people; what she needs is agricultural families of European descent. In Cuba there is none of the color bar of the Southern States; negroes enjoy complete political equality with whites, and in the lower strata social equality as well. That instinct in the Southern States of America which we ignorantly call color prejudice is really a subconscious impulse toward self-preservation. If there were a little more of it here the future of Cuba would be more hopeful. There are all shades of color and yet so far from the equal opportunity for the negro elevating him, it has not prevented him from retaining the murderous practices of the Nañigos and the dark African superstitions of the Brujos. Both would be unthinkable in the Southern States, where the sacrifice of a white child and the eating of her body by negroes would produce a tempest that would not be allayed for a generation. And yet Cuba is exceptionally well policed. Havana alone has a force of 2,000 men; the mounted men sit their horses as if they were part of the animals. They have also a Government Secret Service of 150 men, who concern themselves with extradition and the graver forms of crime and who work very well with the municipal police. The outlying districts are policed by the Rural Guard, a mounted quasi-military force, modeled on the old Northwestern Mounted Police in Canada and the Pennsylvania State Police. There is no better object lesson of the status of the negro in Cuba than the spectacle of a black policeman maintaining order among whites, unless it be the magnificent statue erected on the Malecon to the black General, Masco—perhaps the only example in the world of a negro being so honored in a white country.

Trevelyan Celebrates a Hero

(Continued from Page 1)

other forts improvised on the railroad bridge. For three months more "resistance at any cost" was continued. Then the inevitable end came.

Throughout, Manin had been both the civil and the military soul of resistance. He slept little after the siege began, and was kept afoot only by the unconquerable energies of his spirit supporting the long-exhausted body. He was always to be found wherever in the city the missiles were falling thickest and the fire blazing most fiercely. He afterward confessed that he was deliberately seeking death, for he knew that Venice was doomed.

The day on which the Austrians entered Venice, Manin went into forced exile. He died in Paris in 1857, but in 1868 his body was brought back to lie in the midst of his beloved lagoon:

> On the outer side of the north wall of St. Mark's, in the little square of "the lions," there stands a tomb. It is unique in Venice; no other man has played such a part in her history, which in her full medieval heyday had been rather one of collective effort than of individual leadership; no other Venetian has been honored by burial in a position so splendid. There, in the heart of Venice, lies—Daniele Manin.

Trevelyan's volume cannot be considered a great authority upon the period. The author has allowed many important primary sources to escape his research. But the work is earnest, is imbued with the spirit of the men of '48, and is a most valuable interpretation of events for the English reading public.

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Books and Authors

THE publishing house of Martinus Nijhoff, at The Hague, is issuing a collection to be known as "The Dutch Library," the purpose of which is to acquaint English and American readers with the classics of Dutch literature. The first three volumes, just being published, give specimens of Dutch medieval drama. The titles are "Lancelot of Denmark," translated by Dr. P. Geyl, Professor of Dutch Studies in the University of London, and "Esmoreit" and "Mary of Nimmegen," both translated by Professor Harry Morgan Ayres of Columbia University. The third of these is a miracle play of the late fifteenth century, and the other two were probably written a hundred years earlier, and are said to be the earliest specimens of purely secular drama in European literature.

"The Boosters" is the title of a novel by Mark Lee Luther, announced by the Bobbs-Merrill Company for publication in January. It is the story of an Eastern architect who goes to Los Angeles to live, and, like thousands of others, becomes a "booster." We are informed that, linked with the boosting, there is the story of a very real family and, of course, a love story.

In January the Macmillan Company will bring out a book by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen on "Russia and Peace," based on the famous explorer's observations during the two years he spent in famine relief work in Russia. He traveled extensively about the country and had the best of opportunities for studying the rapidly changing conditions there. The publishers assure us that he writes "without prejudice, passion or partisanship."

A novel, "The Interpreter's House," by Struthers Burt, is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons for publication in February. This is Mr. Burt's first novel, but he is well known as a writer of short stories. One of these, "Each in His Generation," was awarded the O. Henry Memorial Prize.

The famous French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, has written a book on "Haunted Houses," which D. Appleton & Co. will publish later in the Winter. In it he discusses 5,000 cases of haunted houses which he has investigated.

Joseph Hergesheimer's novel, "Cytherea," published by Alfred A. Knopf, is to be produced as a motion picture by the Goldwyn Studios, as is also "Wild Oranges," by the same author.

Gilbert Frankau, author of "The Love Story of Aliette Brunton," "Peter Jameson," and other novels, has written another novel entitled "Gerald Cranston's Lady," which is soon to appear simultaneously in England and the United States. The Century Company is the American publisher.

The January fiction list of George H. Doran Company includes "Love and the Philosopher: A Study in Sentiment," by Marie Corelli; "Good Hunting," by Norman Davey; "The Heir," by V. Sackville-West, and "Sam Slick," by Thomas Chandler Haliburton.

After reading W. L. George's novel, "One of the Unity" (Harper & Bros.), a retired Inspector of Police wrote to the author, censuring him for having published such accurate and thorough details of the modern methods of burglary. "If only you novelists would stick to love," writes the Inspector, "you'd do less harm." Mr. George's comment on this was: "I'm not at all sure about that. My own opinion is that love has done more harm than burglars since the world was created."

In his "Studies in Biblical and Semitic Symbolism," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Maurice H. Farbridge expresses his belief that the key to a full understanding of "the ancient Oriental world is hidden in a mysterious system of symbolism which is still exceedingly difficult to interpret." But he also believes that interpretation through symbolism has been carried to absurd lengths. Mr. Farbridge, although he is less than 30 years old, is already well known as an Oriental scholar. He is a Fellow in Oriental Studies in the Victoria University of Manchester and has worked on various problems in anthropology and comparative religion with G. Elliot Smith, who is an authority on these subjects. During the war Mr. Farbridge was attached to the British Foreign Office as consultant on Near-Eastern affairs.

There are literary pirates in China as well as the deep sea sort, according to a story told by Frank G. Carpenter, author of the "Carpenter World Travel Series," published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Happening into a publishing house in Shanghai, Mr. Carpenter saw the presses running off a Chinese edition of one of his own books. He could not read the text, but he recognized the pictures. Upon inquiry, he learned that there are no copyright laws in China.

It is reported that a company is being formed to search for and, if it finds them, develop some of the famous "lost mines" of New Mexico and Arizona. The main point of operations, in the beginning at least, will be the Canada Del Oro, or "Canyon of Gold," in the Santa Catalina Mountains, near Tucson. This is the canyon described in Harold Bell Wright's latest novel, "The Mine with the Iron Door," published by D. Appleton & Co.

Harper & Brothers, who are the publishers of Lafcadio Hearn's books, have received a letter from his widow, Setsu Koizumi, stating that she and her four children, three sons and a daughter, escaped without injury from the recent earthquake in Japan. Their home is in Yokohama, but not in the section that was destroyed.

The Century Company announces for publication in February "The Prisoner Who Sang," by Juhan Bojer. It is said to be quite different from Mr. Bojer's previous novels and to be best described as a prose "Peer Gynt."

Giovanni Papini, whose "Life of Christ" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) is still among the non-fiction best sellers, is coming to this country next Summer to deliver a course of lectures at the Summer session of Columbia University. The subject of the lectures will be "Contemporary Italian Thought."

Blair Niles, author of "Casual Wanderings in Ecuador," is writing another travel book, which the Century Company will publish. It will record her observations and experiences during a recent journey through Colombia. On this trip, as on her earlier one, Mrs. Niles was accompanied by her husband, Robert L. Niles, whose photographic illustrations embellished the Ecuador book.

A new J. S. Fletcher mystery novel, "The King Versus Wargrave," has just been published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Rose Wilder Lane, author of "Peaks of Shala" (Harper & Brothers), has returned from Albania and will spend some time in New York before going back to her home in San Francisco. Mrs. Lane is writing a novel which will be published by Harper & Brothers.

James B. Connolly was recently shown a chart indicating the wide geographical range of Joseph Conrad's stories. Concerning this he writes in a letter to a friend: "I have made a chart of my own, and find that I go at least 20 degrees further north and 20 degrees further south. Every continent and every ocean I have sailed in my fiction, and a hundred little bays besides." Of Conrad he says: "Conrad is probably the greatest master of English living, but he was never a great story-teller and cannot be. He lacks the instinctive, the swift dramatic touch. Give him time and you have patience, and he will get you there."

A late December publication of the Macmillan Company is Percy Mackaye's "This Fine, Pretty World," a comedy of the Kentucky mountains. It is scheduled for early production in the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York.

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A. BARTON HEPBURN. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. 8vo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

The life and service to his time of a New York financier.

THE TOMB OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN. By Howard Carter and A. C. Mace. 8vo. New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.

The Earl of Carnarvon's famous discovery in the Valley of the Kings.

MEMOIRS OF THE HARVARD DEAD IN THE WAR AGAINST GERMANY. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe and others. 8vo. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Vol. IV.

The fourth of five volumes about Harvard men who lost their lives in the World War.

PRIVATEERING AND PIRACY IN THE COLONIAL PERIOD. Edited by J. Franklin Jameson. 8vo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.

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DANIEL DE LEON. By Olive M. Johnson. 12mo. New York: New York Labor News Company. 50 cents.

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A collection of constitutional documents for the use of students.

ALASKA. By Jeannette Paddock Nichols. 8vo. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Company. $6.

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(Continued on Page 15)

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QUERIES

The Thing of Giving

G. J. H.—I would like to ascertain through your columns the author of the following:

"There is something about this thing of giving that blesses us. No man has ever impoverished himself by giving. It cannot be done. Those who give most have most left. I believe that every one who gives a penny will get it back a hundredfold. I believe that every one who dries a tear with his assistance, will be spared the shedding of a thousand tears. Give—and somewhere, from out of the clouds, or from the sacred depth of human hearts, a melody divine will reach your ears, and gladden all your days upon the earth."

Habit Is a Silken Thread

A. B. C.—Can any reader tell me the name of the author and the title of the poem the opening lines of which are:

Habit is at first but a silken thread,
Fine as the light-winged gossamers that sway
In the warm sunbeams of a Summer's day.

About the Winds

BLANK—I shall be glad if any of your readers can tell me the name of the author of the poem the first verse of which is as follows:

East wind—wind of all dawning hopes,
Fresh from the haunts of the rising sun,
Rollicking over the mountain slopes,
Whispering faith to a day begun. * * *

A Child's Primer

D. F.—Will some reader please tell me where I may find the poem entitled, "A Child's Primer," of which the first lines are:

Dear little child, this little book,
That unlocks gates where wonder waits, &c.

The Vimy Fight

K. M. D.—Can you tell me the title of the poem and the author of these lines:

He came to me one night
In my small tent
The night before the hal-hot Vimy fight.

By Washington Irving

A. J. F.—Can any reader tell me in what book of Washington Irving's a description of a Creole village can be found?

Songs Too Deep for Words

A. R. J.—Can some reader complete this little quatrain and tell me the author:

Some day you shall come home
Wholly * * * and wholly free,
Singing like the little birds
Songs too deep to put in words.

"The Stowaway"

T. S.—I would like to know where I can get a copy of the song, well known about thirty-five years ago, the lines of which are:

From Liverpool across the Atlantic
The good ship * * *
And the first mate was a bit of a Tartar,
But as good a seaman as ever sailed. * * *

By Thomas W. Higginson

J. A. R.—Will you kindly tell me where I can find the verses by Thomas Wentworth Higginson on being thankful for "the things that we miss"?

The Coming of Age

S. B. F.—Can any of your readers tell me the source and correct wording of a poem which, I believe, deals with the coming of age of the young heir and runs something like this:

Call the Betsys, Kates and Jennies,
Pockets full and spirits high:
What are acres, what are houses,
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

"Alone"

E. B. S.—Could you inform me through your columns where I may find the poem entitled, "Alone," where a riddle is propounded by the father of four sons as to what condition makes for the greatest loneliness of life. If I remember correctly, the first line of the poem begins with the words "Old Swyn the Saxon," and the last line is "I'm lonely since your mother died"?

This Rattle, This Battle

A. G.—Will you please tell me from what poem the following quotation is taken:

What is all this rattle?
What is all this battle?
Dinning and dinning our ears,
Until it seems one only heark. * * *

ANSWERS

Napoleon's Tomb

HARVEY HUSTER, White Plains, N. Y.—In your issue of Dec. 16 "R. B. S." asks for the name of Robert Ingersoll's book in which he describes his impressions of Napoleon's tomb. This description is contained in his lecture on "The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child" (Vol. I., page 309) of the Dresden edition of Ingersoll's works, and on page 97 o his "Prose Poems."

Several correspondents answered this query.

By Bishop Doane

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—The poem sought by "F. W. P." in your issue of Dec. 16 is, "Where Art Thou," or "Nearer God," by the Right Rev. William Croswell Doane, first Bishop of the Diocese of Albany, N. Y., born March, 1832, and died May, 1923. The poem follows:

The parish priest of Austerity,
Climbed up in a high church steeple,
To be nearer God, that he might
Hand down His word unto the people.

So he daily wrote in sermon script,
What he thought was sent from Heaven,
And he dropped this down on the people's heads
Two times one day in seven.

In his age, God said: "Come down and die."
And he cried from out the steeple,
"Where art Thou, Lord"? and the Lord replied,
"Down here, among my people."

Several correspondents answered this query.

Steps of Faith

HENRY C. RADCLIFFE, Jersey City, N. J.—"A. B." who asks in your issue of Dec. 9 for the poem containing the lines

Nothing before, nothing behind,
The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath,

will find them in the forty-second stanza of Whittier's "My Soul and I."

Some Lovely Temple

PATRICIA YORKE, New York—This poem containing the lines

As to some lovely temple, tenantless,
Long since, that once was sweet with shimmering brass, &c.,

for which "R. B." asks in your issue of Dec. 9, may be found on page 109 of Edna St. Vincent Millay's book entitled "Second April."

Peps, Peep, Pepys

LAWSON McCLUNG, New York—The verse for which "C. H. B." inquires in your issue of Dec. 9, is by Ashby Sterry, and is as follows:

There are people—I'm told some say
there are heaps—
Who speak of the talkative Samuel as Peeps;
And some so precise and pedantic their step is,
Who call the delightful old diarist Pepys;
But those I think right, and I follow their steps,
Ever mention the garrulous gossip as Peps.

Joseph's Dream

RICHARD BURTON, New York.—The poem, "Joseph's Dream," for which "L. W. K." asks in your issue of Dec. 16 for the author's name, is mine, and appears in my volume entitled, "Lyrics of Brotherhood," published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard (Boston).

My Tarpaulin Jacket

ALTON H. COWLES, Buffalo, N. Y.—In your issue of Dec. 9 "Austen" asks for the complete words of an old college song, which I give below:

TARPAULIN JACKET

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket
And say a poor duffer lies low,
Bid six jolly seamen to carry me
With steps mournful measured and slow.

And then get six jolly foretopmen
And let them a-rollicking go,
And drink down a six-gallon measure
To the health of the duffer below.

Chorus—Wrap me up, &c.

And then bring me two big white holystones,
And place them at head and at toe,
Engrave on them this superscription,
"Here lies a poor duffer below."

Chorus—Wrap me up, &c.

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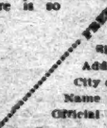

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"Lobster, madame?"

Quickly she glances across the table at her dinner partner, but he is carefully studying the menu. She has a panicky feeling as she realizes that she has never eaten lobster, doesn't even know how it is served. But evidently, since the waiter suggests it, it is the proper thing to order. And she nods her head.

"Lobster for you, too, sir?" The waiter turns to her partner. But he shakes his head and says, "No, I'll have a fruit cocktail." A fruit cocktail! Why didn't she order that? It would have been safe; she would have known how to eat it.

When the lobster is served she stares at it with a sinking heart. Why did she ever order it? What fork should she use? Is it proper to pull off the claws with the fingers? How *do* people eat lobster?

In desperation she picks up one of the forks—certain that everyone in the dining-room is watching her, noticing her embarrassment. She plays with the food, unhappy and ill at ease. But even in her embarrassment she notices that he is eating his fruit cocktail with a fork, and she wonders whether he shouldn't be using a spoon instead.

Oh, why did they ever come! She should have known this would happen. They were not accustomed to fashionable dinners—but how could they be? At home there were no important hotels. The parties they attended were simple and informal. Here everything was so new, and strange, and impressive.

The waiter is at her side again—that superior waiter with his quizzical smile! Surely he must see how uneasy and embarrassed she is. What a humiliation—to be ashamed even before this waiter!

She sees that her dinner partner is uncomfortable and embarrassed, too. In a half-hour they are in the street, burning with the humiliation of their experience. What a miserable half-hour that had been! To blunder so conspicuously in public! And they had counted on this visit to the fashionable hotel being one of the most pleasant experiences of the trip. It had been positively *unpleasant*. What a wonderful thing it must be to be able to do and say the right thing always, without stopping to think about it!

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The New York Times
Magazine Section

Section 4

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1923 SIXTEEN PAGES

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Raisuli's Own Story as Told to Rosita Forbes in the Moroccan Chieftain's Stronghold.

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By ROSITA FORBES

YOU go to see my cousin El Raisuli, to write about him," said Mulai Sadiq at Tetuan. "For what reason? Between Africa and Europe there is a barrier higher than these mountains. You cannot cross it."

I had gone to see the old Sherif with regard to my journey to Tazrut, for he acted as agent in Tetuan for his famous relative. His house was most attractive, with its little court lined with mosaic and surrounded by white Moorish arches, from behind which peeped his slave women, their brilliant crimson dresses showing through long coats of white muslin to match their turbans, corded with many-colored silks. Mulai Sadiq is thin and wiry, about 60, bald, with a gray beard. He has an ill-kept appearance, for he is an "Alim" who considers that learning is preferable to cleanliness. He was willing to talk for many hours of the adventures of "the Sherif," as Raisuli is generally called by his people.

"The Sherif will welcome you with great honor," he said, "but it is a long way and it is my duty to come with you that you may travel in all respect."

Thus it was arranged, and he went off to telephone to the secretary of El Raisuli in primitive Tazrut!

The great Hispano-Suiza flung itself on to the road as if it would devour the strip of dusty white which fled before it. The old walls of Tetuan disappeared. The dew was still on the sugarcane, mist on the river. Peasants were driving their flocks to market; the men rode on donkeys, idle hands crossed on the pommel; the women, their haiks bundled above their knees to show stout leather leggings, their hats, the size of umbrellas, hiding their faces, trudged behind their lords, bearing huge bundles of firewood or sacks of grain. A figure swathed in burnous, rifle slung across his back, appeared on the skyline, and there was the watchword of Morocco—a veiled country, alert and suspicious.

Up and up soared the road, an incredible feat of engineering, and never for an instant did the driver slacken his pace. By precipices, where the wheels spun on the edge of eternity, by nightmare twists and spirals where the path slipped eel-like from beneath us, the Spanish car took us into the land for which Spain and Raisuli had fought their amazing battle. Right and left soared the mountains, their first slopes thick with scrub and grass, their summits barren. A Moorish village, the mud houses smothered under their weight of thatch, appeared among the boulders which strewed the landscape. On the hillside the Qubba (tomb) of a saint drew white-robed figures to worship. A Sherif rode by on a mule with scarlet trappings, and a servant running in front cried "Make way for the guest of God, the blessed one."

Further on the road narrowed between wild vines and thickets of fig and dardara. "Raisuli's tribesmen used to hide there and pick off our men like rabbits," said the Spaniard who traveled with me. "Their chief is a strategist; we made war against shadows, and lost thirty men to their one."

Across the hills in front toiled a line of great, gray beetles, which resolved themselves into lorries, packed with troops. We overtook various units of two columns en route for trouble reported somewhere in the mountains to the east. One by one we left the marching columns and came into the purple wilderness of Jebel Maja, whose height so impresses the Moors that they say the daughter of Noah is buried on its topmost crag, the only one that showed above the Flood. Far up on every hilltop appeared a fort, its isolation emphasizing the inviolability of the land it watched.

Then came the last steep kilometers to Xauen, the one-time city of mystery, of which men spoke in whispers, for it belongs to the Ahmas tribe, cruelest and most savage of mountain folk. Twenty years ago they burned Christians in the market place, and a street is still called the "Way of the Burned." The men of Xauen had a secret language, and, if a stranger could not give the password at the gate, the most mercy that he could expect was that his pickled head should adorn it, suspended by the ears.

Xauen's claim to mystery lies in the fact that it is so deeply embedded in a cleft of the mountains as to be invisible till one is fifty yards from the walls. "We have arrived," said the driver, and I looked blankly at the rocks and the deserted slopes. In another moment there was the town before us. By magic, white houses climbed one above the other, and below this huddled mass of roof and court lay the great Berber Castle, relic of an empire whose very history is lost.

From the walls of this castle, when he took shelter from the advancing Spaniards, Raisuli made the prophecy that is repeated from one end of the country to the other: "This is my country and you are my people. Nothing will be taken from me, but after my death it will all go."

Continuing, we negotiated a track that, as Mulai Sadiq expressed it after he had hit the top several times, "jolted our backbones through our heads." With a series of mighty jerks the car leaped up and deposited us, much exhausted, in the centre of a crowd which represented the old Morocco and the new. On the one side were officers of the police post, speaking Arabic like natives, and saying that it was so long (two years) since they had seen a woman that they had forgotten what one looked like. On the other were envoys of Raisuli with a guard of his mountaineers. Prominent among them, because of his bulk, appeared Sherif Badr ed Din el Bakali, and behind him, his jellaba turned back over a purple waistcoat and girt with a huge silver belt, the Kaid el Meshwar ed Mennabbhe. These brought me the greetings of the Sherif.

Hearing that strangers were in the camp, some gypsies came and stared at us over the edge of the sand bags. One man held a snake in his hand, to which he was crooning gently. Without much encouragement they began their unpleasant performance. A wild-looking youth, with hair standing on end, seized a glass and began crunching it in his teeth. The man with the snake held it at arm's length and adjured it in the names of dead saints. Then, opening his mouth, he put out his tongue and let the reptile fix its fangs in it. The gypsy began eating the living snake, first swallowing the head affixed to his tongue, and then chewing the body which writhed up and struck him on the cheeks. The others kept up a curiously hypnotic chant which stimulated the hysteria of the performers. With a sudden shout the eater of glass seized an iron mace from one of his companions and struck his head so forcibly that blood ran down under his matted hair. It was a disgusting spectacle, but it evidently delighted

Rosita Forbes.
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El Raisuli.

the gypsies, who uttered bestial howls and flung themselves into a dance, in which the maximum of contortion was achieved.

It was with great relief that I saw the approach of El Raisuli's dignified envoys ready for our departure. The procession that moved away from the Spanish outpost was imposing. First went the soldiers of the Sherif, stalwart mountaineers in short brown jellabas, with rifles slung across their backs. They were followed by a couple of baggage mules, behind which rode a servant of the Kaid with a sporting Martini ready for partridge or hare. His master was mounted on a gayly caparisoned mule, whose trappings went well with the gay colors of turban and waistcoat. The Kaid's horse and I danced uncomfortably behind him, generally sideways or in a series of bounds. Then came old Mulai Sadiq astride the plumpest of saddle mules, his spectacles balanced on the tip of his nose and a white umbrella over his head. Sidi Badr ed Din, his hennaed beard glittering in the sunshine, his horse almost hidden by his ample proportions, brought up the rear with the interpreter and some servants, who took off their outer garments one by one to pile them on their heads against the fierceness of the sun.

In the sunset we approached Tazrut, a cluster of white houses and green roofs, with the tower of the mosque rising behind a thicket of oak. Seen across a stretch of scrub and rock, it looked an ideal hermitage for a saint and an admirable post of vantage for a warrior.

Tazrut is the strategical centre of Raisuli's country, lying midway and within a day's journey of most of his possessions. We pushed our horses across the last nullah and found ourselves suddenly among ruins. On all sides were traces of the Spanish airplanes which had bombed Tazrut for two days in 1922. Not a house was undamaged. With gaping walls and doors made of new sheets of galvanized iron, they stood among cactus and thorn and curiously shaped boulders. I looked again, for there was something very odd about these rocks, and then I saw that on top of each crouched an immobile figure in an earth-brown jellaba, with a rifle in his hands.

In another moment we came to the paved road that runs between the mosque, miraculously untouched by war, the one complete building left in desolate Tazrut, and the dwelling of Raisuli. Slaves ran to hold our stirrups before the great arch, which still kept some traces of its ancient carving. The compound was perhaps 200 yards in length, and within its high walls were various buildings. At one end was the Zawia, wherein were the rooms of El Raisuli, communicating with the old houses which contained the family tomb and the women's apartments. This was sacred ground, and no Christian might enter. At the other end of the yard was an old thatched building, once a residence of the Sherif, but now his son's school, with rooms for visitors above. Near this was pitched a great black and white tent with a fig tree shading his porch and various smaller tents behind. "This is your home," said Sherif Badr ed Din, beckoning me to enter, "and we are your servants."

The pavilion was lined with gay damask and carpeted with rugs piled one upon another. It was about 20 feet in diameter, and round the walls were mattresses covered with white linen and rows of very hard cushions. As a peculiar honor the Sherif had lent the chair made specially in Spain to suit his colossal proportions, and, sitting in one corner of its great expanse, I drank my first cup of green tea in Tazrut.

The moon had risen, and outside the tent door the breeze stole whispering across beds of mint and poppies. The figures of Mulai Sadiq and Badr ed Din looked like ghostly monks sunk under the hoods of their voluminous drapery. From far away came the sounds of chanting. "It is in the mosque," said El Menebbhe. "The Sherif's ancestor, Sidi Mohammed Ben Ali, is buried there. It was he who won the battle of Jebel Alan (1542), where three Kings were killed. The power of the Shorfa Raisuli began after that day." The three Kings referred to by the Kaid were Don Sebastian of Portugal, the Sultan of Morocco and the Moorish Pretender.

It was a long way from London to Tazrut, and during the whole journey thoughts of El Raisuli had filled my mind. His name met me on the coast of Morocco, and wherever I went afterward I heard legends which magnified or distorted his personality. The chanting in the mosque died suddenly, and Sidi Badr ed Din rose.

"The Sherif comes," he said.

With racing pulses I turned to meet a presence which blocked the way between the bushes. An enormous man stood before me. At first glimpse he seemed almost as broad as he was tall, but it was the breadth of solid flesh and muscle, not of fat. His round, massive face, was surrounded by a thicket of beard, dyed red, and a lock of long terra-cotta hair escaped from under his turban. The quantity of woolen garments he wore, one over another, added to his bulk, and when, seating himself in a chair which seemed incapable of supporting his weight, he rolled up his sleeves and bared arms of incredible girth, I found myself looking at them fascinated and repelled while he gave me the usual courteous greetings.

"All the mountain is yours," he said. "You are free to go where you will. My people are your servants and they have nothing to do but please you. I am honored because of your visit, for I have great friendship with your country."

His voice was guttural and rich, but it appeared to roll over his thick lips as from a distance, which made it husky. His manners were gracious and his dignity worthy of his ancient race. After a few minutes' talk I had forgotten the unwieldy strength of his body and was watching his eyes, the only expressive feature in Raisuli's face. They were watchful eyes, dominant and fierce, in the midst of flesh which it seemed to me they used as a veil. Sometimes, when he spoke of small things, they softened until they were almost wistful, but generally they watched and judged and revealed nothing.

We talked far into the night, and, indeed, during the time that I stayed with El Raisuli I was hardly ever alone and counted myself lucky if I had four hours' uninterrupted sleep. By 6 A. M. the place was astir, so I had to throw off my tasseled blankets of red and white camel's hair and prepare for a strenuous day.

Breakfast consisted of a bowl of thick vegetable soup with bits of fat floating in it—the "harira" that is given to children during the great feast of Ramadan. After that there was a painful gap so far as food was concerned till 3 or 4 P. M., when an immense meal of many meat courses made its appearance, borne shoulder high by a line of slaves.

El Raisuli is always out by 6 in the morning. Before noon he retires into the zawia, where none may go unless he sends for them, except his eldest son and the ten little slaves, all under 12, who attend the harem. Besides these minute servitors there are fifteen slaves, coal-black men from the Sudan and Somaliland. They are not allowed in the house, but two of them, Mubarak and Ghabah, are the personal attendants of the Sherif. When he rides they walk one at each stirrup. In battle they range their horses on either side of him and each carries a spare rifle, for el Raisuli never fights with less than three.

The Sherif is a facile raconteur and his memory is astounding. He never hesitates for a date or a name. Obviously, he is used to telling the story of his life, but this is natural, for very little Arab biography is written till long after the death of the subject. When he became interested in his narrative, a web of philosophy and atrocities, of war and psychology, of politics, ambition and Pan Islamism, the Sherif lost all track of time. Once he talked from 7 in the morning till nearly 3 P. M., and often he would arrive before dinner and, hardly troubling to eat, talk without pause till 2 or 3 A. M. Mulai Sadiq and Sidi Badr ed Din acted as a sort of Greek chorus, reinforced on certain occasions by the two favorite slaves, who emphasized the story with murmured confirmations.

When a Sherif of Yeman tells his lineage he generally begins with Noah, but Maley Ahmed ibn Mohamed ibn Abdullah el Raisuli el Hasani el Alami began his with the Prophet and told of his Sherif ancestors.

"We stood between our people and the oppression of the Sultans," he said. "For us who have the 'baraka' (a special blessing of Allah) they would give their lives. If I tell a man today to start for Cairo or Mecca, he would ask no questions but pick up his jellaba and go. I remember my father, on whom be peace, was angry with a slave. He ordered him to go out and tell the others to beat him with so many lashes. I met the man on the way and asked him what crime he had committed, and he answered: 'I do not know, but the Sherif knows, and without doubt it is a bad one.'

"Once it was necessary that some one should die for a crime that had been done, and it was not politic that the murderer should be given up at Tangiers. The Sherif sent for a poor man and said to him: 'Would you have your family live in plenty and yourself gain Paradise?' If so, remember that on such-and-such a date you killed a certain person.' The man answered: 'If the Sherif wills it, it must be that I am guilty.'

"Such has been the power of my house, and that is why men follow me in battle. When I was a boy I was riding with an important Sherif. As we went by the outskirts of a village a man lying in the shade of an olive tree did not trouble to salute the traveler, who stopped and asked the reason. The sun was in my eyes, Sidi, I did not see,' answered the man. 'You do not use your eyes, so you have no need of them,' said the Sherif, and from that moment the man was blind."

There was a moment's silence. Then the slave, Mubarak, murmured, "These things are well known, and all men know that those who disobey my master lose their sight."

"Yes," whispered the Spaniard, "that is quite true, but not by auto-suggestion, but by means of hot coins pressed on the eyelids."

"I was born at Zinat," continued Raisuli. "When I was 10 or 11 I already was a 'talib,' an advanced student able to read and write and repeat the sayings of the Prophet. A learned man was my teacher. All that was told me I remember. It is a blessing from Allah, but it astonished my teacher, as did my love of history. I wanted to know everything that happened in the past, for in those days I believed that wisdom lay in books. The right was not with me then, for it is the study of one's neighbor that brings wisdom. It was at Tetuan that I finished my education, and I was learned in law and jurisprudence. When I returned to Zinat people said: 'He is a Fuqih,' and came long distances to consult me.

"My life was good when one evening, about the time of the fourth prayer, a woman came to Zinat. Her clothes were torn and there was blood on her arms. She said that robbers had killed her husband and son and had taken all they possessed. The wives of the village would have taken her in and comforted her, but the woman was a Berber from the mountains and she asked only a gun to go back and take her revenge. 'Is there no man who will go with me?' she asked, and the soles of my feet itched, and I saw my mother looking at me. * * *

"There were many youths in the village. We put the woman on a horse and all that night went with her through the darkness. We attacked the robbers where they sat and bathed their feet in a stream. It was like a hunt, for the game could not escape from the rocks. We killed every one and took back that which had been stolen from the woman. She cut off the head of the man who had killed her family and took it away that his soul might be destroyed and his body be incomplete in Paradise.

"By Allah, perhaps the life of el Raisuli was decided by a woman, for from that day I was discontented with my books. I had no wish for a roof over my head. I spoke to the young men who knew me, and we formed a band and went out and lived in the hills, where no man could take us. As the numbers of my followers swelled like flocks in springtime, we established a sort of customs in the hills. Each caravan had to pay according to its wealth, and if it refused the sight of a traveler sitting impaled on a spike made the next one open his purse. It was all business. I never refused a request and never betrayed my word, but the townsfolk were ungenerous

(Continued on Page 15)

Xauen With the Old Berber Castle.

SAINT JOAN AND BERNARD SHAW

The Maid of Orleans Translated For the Stage From Medieval Mysticism to Modern Common Sense

By H. I. BROCK

SERIOUS people who have won a high literary reputation by making lighter-minded folks laugh include Mark Twain and Bernard Shaw. Each of them has been profoundly moved by the most humanly appealing of all the miracle workers of history, Joan of Arc, and each has sought to interpret her to an age which refuses to believe in any miracles but those of its own mechanics. Mark Twain's Joan surprised and impressed alike Mark's admirers and his critics. Mr. Shaw's Joan made her first appearance on any stage last week, having been confided to the Theatre Guild by her translator out of legend into common sense.

Thus translated and interpreted in Mr. Shaw's best manner of an inexorable image breaker, she remains no less miraculous—even to Shaw, who has been at such pains to hold the Maid utterly human—to extract the dross of heroics from Joan herself and all the other actors in the fiery ordeal which fused France into a nation. So it is set forth in his philosophy. With all his common sense—and all the commonsensicality with which very rightly he endows his bourgeoise-bred Joan—he does not make her a mere peasant lass—he is driven to a mystical ending. The last act is a dream—a vision. It is characteristic of Mr. Shaw that he has not hesitated to go over into mysticism to give his sublimated common sense the logical sweep which life in fact denies it.

The concern here, however, is not with what has been accomplished as literature or as drama. It is with Mr. Shaw's Joan. This is the way he describes her, in meticulously typed stage directions in red ink:

> She is an able-bodied country girl of 17 or 18, respectably dressed in red, with an uncommon face; eyes very wide apart and bulging as they often do in very imaginative people; a long, well-shaped nose and wide nostrils, a short upper lip, resolute but full-lipped mouth, and handsome fighting chin. Her voice is normally a hearty coaxing voice, very confident, very appealing, very hard to resist.

This is the Joan who comes to the Squire of Baudricourt to ask for horse and escort to the presence of the Dauphin. To Joan's speech in given a touch, a mere touch, of rusticity.

Here is a fragment of her conversation with Dauphin Charles after she has got to Chinon, and spoken her message from God and the saints:

Charles—I don't want a message; but can you tell me any secrets? Can you do any cures? Can you turn lead into gold, or anything of that sort?

Joan—I can turn thee into a king, in Rheims Cathedral; and that is a miracle that will take some doing, it seems.

Charles—If we go to Rheims, and have a coronation, Anne will want new dresses. We can't afford them. I am all right as I am.

Joan's simplicity and earnestness even here saves the dignity of the subsequent conversation, even as her faith and devotion saved the crown and the kingdom. Shaw is no more afraid to let the personages of this mystical legend unbend than he was afraid to let great Caesar do it. He made Cleopatra kittenish. He dares to make Joan hearty. It is not easy in a few excerpts to give a picture of what he has done to her. Most can be accomplished, perhaps, with a quotation from the second scene of the second act where Joan talks with Dunois, Bastard of Orleans, the General who supplied the military science which went far to make the Maid's faith effectual in the field. Dunois has been waiting on the banks of the Loire attended by a page who is interested in kingfishers. He is watching for a breeze from the west:

A sentry's voice—Halt! Who goes there?

Joan's voice—The Maid.

Dunois—Let her pass. Hither Maid! To Me!

(Joan in splendid armor comes in quickly from the westward. She looks displeased.)

Joan (bluntly)—Be You Bastard of Orleans?

Dunois (stretching his baton toward the bar on his shield)—You see the bar sinister. Are you Joan, the Maid?

Joan—Sure.

Dunois—Where are your troops?

Joan—Miles behind. They have cheated me. They have brought me to the wrong side of the river.

Dunois—I told them to.

Joan—Why did you? The English are on the other side.

Dunois—The English are on both sides.

Joan—But Orleans is on the other side. We must fight the English there. How can we cross the river?

Dunois (pointing grimly)—There is a bridge.

Joan—In God's name, then, let us cross the bridge and fall on them.

Dunois—It seems simple, but it cannot be done.

Joan—Who says so?

Dunois (not liking this)—I say so; and older and wiser heads than mine are of the same opinion.

Joan (roundly)—Then your older and wiser heads are fatheads; they have made a fool of you; and now they want to make a fool of me, too, bringing me to the wrong side of the river. Do you know I bring you better help than ever came to any General or any town?

Dunois (smiling patiently) — Your own?

Joan—No; the help and counsel of the King of Heaven. Which is the way to the bridge?

Dunois—You are impatient, Maid.

Joan—Is this a time for patience? Our enemy is at the gates; and here we stand doing nothing. Oh, why are you not fighting? Listen to me. I will deliver you from fear. I—

Dunois (laughing heartily and waving her off)—No, my girl; if you delivered me from fear, I would be a good knight for a story book, but a very bad commander for the army. Come, let me begin to make a soldier of you. Do you see those two forts at this end of the bridge, the big ones?

Joan—Yes. Are they ours or the goddams?

Dunois—Be quiet and listen to me. If I were in either of those forts with only ten men, I could hold it against an army. The English have more than ten times ten goddams in those forts to hold them against us.

Joan—They cannot hold them against God. God did not give them the land under those forts; they stole it from Him. He gave it to us. I will take those forts.

Dunois—Single-handed?

Joan—Our men will take them. I will lead them.

Dunois—Not a man will follow you.

Joan—I will not look back to see whether any one is following me.

Dunois—Good. You have the makings of a soldier in you. You are in love with war.

Joan (startled)—Oh! And the Archbishop said I was in love with religion.

Frankly, Shaw's Joan is as much soldier as saint. Her best friends are this Dunois and La Hire, both soldiers by instinct and profession. She says to Dunois:

> "I will never take a husband. A man in Toul took an action against me for breach of promise; but I never promised him. I am a soldier; I do not want to be thought of as a woman. I will not dress as a woman. I do not care for the things women care for. They dream of lovers and of money. I dream of leading a charge and of placing the big guns."

And when Charles has been duly crowned and there is talk in the vestry of Rheims Cathedral of Joan's return to her father's farm, La Hire says to her:

> "You will miss the fighting. It's a bad habit, but a grand one and the hardest of all to break yourself of."

She herself says: "I am frightened beyond words before a battle; but it is so dull afterward when there is no danger."

None the less worthy at the last trial and in the fire is Shaw's Saint Joan, the Soldier.

As to the motives of those who destroyed Joan, Shaw's argument presents them as twofold and high-political. To the Church, the Maid, with her voices and her commands delivered direct from God meant the undermining of all ecclesiastical authority. The Maid—as the English Earl of Warwick puts it, plotting politely with the French Bishop of Beauvais—is the spirit of Protestantism. Therefore the Bishop must burn her. To the Earl her Protestantism does not much matter. He stands, not for the Church, but for feudalism, which is threatened by Joan's secular heresy of nationalism.

As she appeals direct to God without intermediary of the Church, so she appeals direct to the King without intermediary of the nobility. If every simple body gets in the habit of doing that, as the Earl plainly perceives, the nobility is done for. So from his point of view, also, it is imperative to get Joan out of the way. Shaw is at great pains to make the Bishop a zealot even if he makes the Earl of Warwick a cynic. And he insists throughout on the absence of personal rancor—the actual presence of kindness—toward the doomed girl on the part of all the high personages. Only a dull English chaplain is enraged. And he repents in tears.

Obviously the Irish dramatist resident in London and so particularly acclaimed in America has used his best skill upon the job of getting medieval Joan translated into his twentieth-century philosophy. Obviously also he has striven in bringing the idol down to earth to keep in it all that originally set it on its pedestal. After dusting it thoroughly he very carefully puts it back.

Naturally he has not turned his Joan over to the Theatre Guild without instructions. For instance, when it was supposed that Lee Simonson was going to provide the setting, the author wrote: "Simonson must not make the scenery fantastic. It may be very simple but it must suggest natural scenery. Joan was an extremely real person, and the scenery should be keyed to her reality. Simonson must also be limited to three cigarettes a day." It seems that during a conference with Shaw Simonson was so careless as to smoke incessantly—oblivious of the fact that Shaw himself is no smoker.

Winifred Lenihan, as Mr. Shaw's Joan.

The first version of the play which got into the Guild's hands was put in rehearsal and played much too long. They cabled Shaw for cuts. His answer was, "Stop rehearsal till you have my prompt copy." With the new version arrived a letter from Shaw explaining that the first manuscript was to be read and digested only. Not rehearsed. The revised version fitted into the time limit.

Incidentally the fact that Shaw play after Shaw play has recently been produced here by the Theatre Guild has led some persons to say and believe that the little group down at the Garrick Theatre had succeeded in taming the supposedly untamable Irish apostle of common sense in the highest. Since the war they have done "Heartbreak House" and "Back to Methuselah," and revived "The Devil's Disciple." In the case of "Methuselah," at least, they were after a while permitted to make considerable cuts in the sacred Shaw text. That was against all precedent.

In spite of this, the record does not indicate that the taming of Shaw has gone very far. Mr. Shaw is still very much himself even in dealing with these American producers with whom he has reached a friendly modus vivendi. For the envy of less eminently successful playwrights some quotations from that record may not come amiss. For instance, what Mr. Shaw called the Guild's "trial trip" was done with "Heartbreak House." The plan was to open the season with it in October, 1920. Actors were engaged for the leading rôles and the scenery designed and half built. Then came this cable from Shaw: "Production absolutely barred till Presidential election result known in November."

Mr. Shaw holds the idea that elections and such large public events divert attention from the serious or Shavian drama. Representations to the contrary—hints that regular theatregoing Americans are, in fact, little concerned with politics—were of no avail. The difficulty of holding up a production once started, letting the actors go, and finding a substitute play—all these were urged also. Shaw replied "Inexorable." Meekly, therefore, the Guild that year opened with something else and put off rehearsals of "Heartbreak House" till after the election.

Emanuel Reicher, who was directing the production, thought the script ought to be cut. In rehearsal as it stood, the play was running three hours. Shaw was informed of the situation though St. John Ervine. His cabled reply was "Abandon play, cancel contract, advance will be returned, writing." He did write at length. Here are some of the things he said:

> It appears that you made the contract to produce "Heartbreak House" on the usual Broadway lines, without reading the play, and are now naturally alarmed to find that a performance will last three hours, and that it consists mainly of "talk" and must be cut.
>
> I am sorry you have had this disappointment; but it is not my fault. * * * I was naturally incredulous as to the existence of a management in New York bold enough and clever enough to know that the alternative to attracting audiences by pleasing them for two hours is to put the utmost strain on their serious attention for three, and sending them home exhausted but indelibly impressed. I had just had one of my best plays wrecked in New York by cutting exactly as you want to cut; and I knew that cutting a single syllable would mean failure, as I had myself cut the play down to the bone, as I always do before printing it. * * *
>
> You are now intimidated by your experience of the business hazards of your enterprise, and are appealing for permission to cut the play into the best imitation of a Broadway success you can produce from its ruin. That means certain failure. Having lost your artistic courage and conviction, or at least suspended them during financial pressure, you must look for plays suitable to your new policy and not meddle with mine.
>
> Nothing would induce me to consent to the omission of one word of the text, or the curtailment of one minute of the time, which, with brisk execution, will take from 8 to a few minutes past 11. Even if it took three hours and a half I should not spare the audience a second of it, especially as they would talk about it for a fortnight after and feel that they had had prodigious value for their money. I know my business; and the Broadway managers know their business; but it is not the same business: take that to heart; and don't fall between the two stools.
>
> On hearing from you I will make steps for the exchange of the contracts, and the repayment to you of the sum advanced on account of royalties.
>
> Faithfully,
>
> G. BERNARD SHAW.

Mr. Reicher had retired after the first rehearsal, and all this time Dudley Digges, who also acted Boss Mangan in the play, was directing it uncut. The Guild cabled: "Producing play verbatim Nov. 10 in strict accordance with contract."

It was during the run of "Heartbreak House" that Shaw mailed for newspaper use a copy of his famous pamphlet against laughter in the audiences, reminiscent of his well known line in a letter to his old friend Louis Calvert, "How the dickens are we to give decent artistic performances to a bear garden? Can't they smile, darn them! instead of hee-hawing like that?"

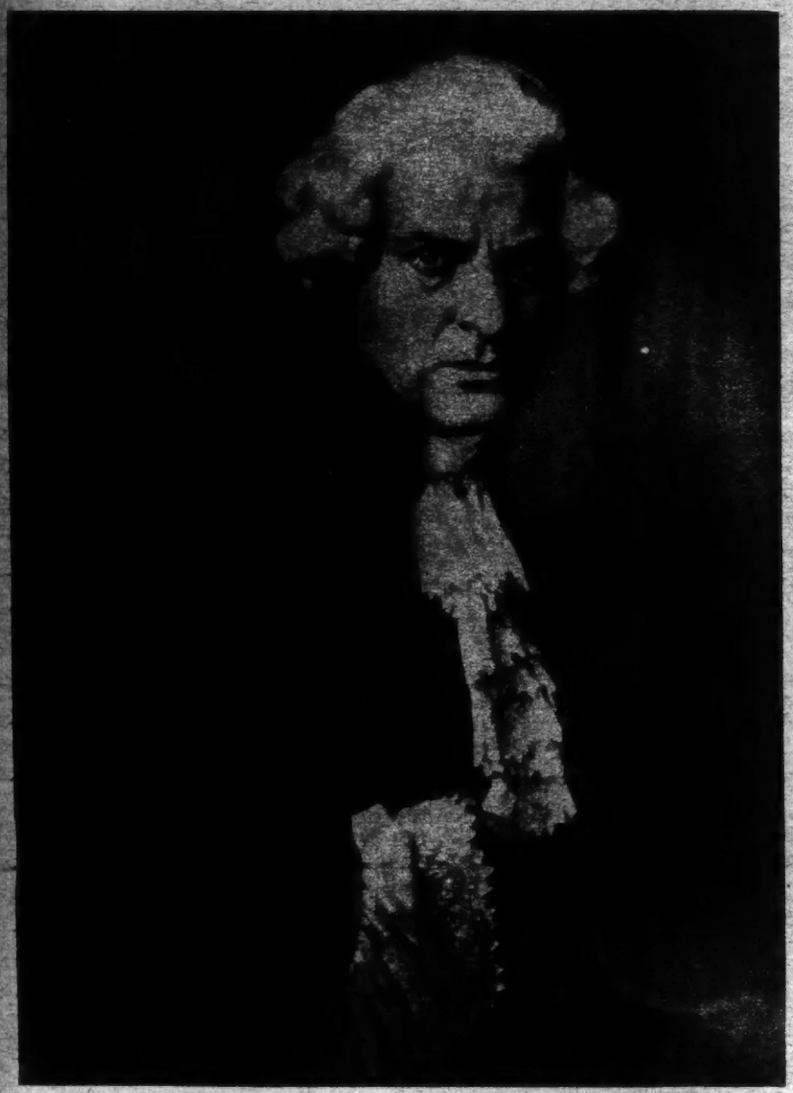
And that was the first chapter.

The second was whether "Back to Methuselah" could be played in five parts as written, requiring the audience to make five pilgrimages to the playhouse. The guild held out for permission to perform the whole cycle in three evenings. Shaw yielded on that point. Eventually, as already noted, he allowed cuts. To Lawrence Langner in London he had a number of things to say after seeing photographs of the production. For instance, "How much clothes did Eve wear?" "The Snake should be human." "The older Eve might have been using a sewing machine just to illustrate that there is nothing new." Apropos of Lloyd George: "I shall send this picture to Lloyd George; it is a better photo of him than any I have seen for a long time." "Why did you make up the Elderly Gentleman to look like me? I intended him to be an absurd old duffer." Langner said: "Don't you remember his last line, 'I cannot live in a world'

(Continued on Page 8)

SCOTTI'S QUARTER CENTURY OF OPERA

So Long the "Dearest of Operatic Villains" Has Sung at the Metropolitan



By DIANA BOURBON

SIGNOR ANTONIO SCOTTI, dearest of "operatic villains" and foremost among singing actors and acting singers, has achieved a quarter of a century of grand opera with the Metropolitan, and the event will be duly and widely celebrated in the world of music.

Twenty-five years without missing a season—it is a unique record. And for Scotti, a very happy one. The Metropolitan has attained brilliant triumphs in his time. Then there is what he calls "le progres fait par le public." And besides, there are charming memories of his fellow-artists in all these years, from Calvé, and Lilli Lehmann, Nordica, Plançon and the De Reszkes on down through the tuneful seasons to the Idols of today.

"It is almost like a crowded cinematograph film to look back upon," Scotti says. "Yes, it is just like that. There have been so many faces that have come and gone, and come again—and not stars only. I have seen three impresarios at the Metropolitan—Grau, Conried and Gatti-Casazza."

"When I came to America the New York opera season was eleven weeks. Now it is twenty-four, and the demand has outgrown the seating capacity of the house. That speaks well when you remember that the past few years have seen the closing of London's opera house, Covent Garden, for lack of public support. No wonder I am proud of my silver wedding!"

Scotti laughed—and when he laughs he is far from looking the villain, operatic or otherwise. He is so joyous and full of life and youth that it seems a little absurd to speak of a twenty-fifth anniversary. He has the interest and the eagerness of youth; he looks young; and yet—

"I am fifty-seven years old," he proclaimed. "Why try to hide it? Everybody knows, anyway. It is easy to count it up. Besides, I don't mind."

He has only one fault to find with the Metropolitan; and he finds it reluctantly. "It ought to be a public monument, a thing of architectural beauty," he says. "And it looks like—like—well, recently a friend of mine from Italy, seeing it for the first time, exclaimed: 'What! That the Metropolitan? I thought it was a garage.'

"But I am so attached to the garage!" Scotti added.

Signor Scotti's first appearance in America, though with the Metropolitan company and under the management of Grau, was made not in New York, but in Chicago. Accordingly he includes Chicago among the loved spots that his memory knows. There he sang the Comte de Nevers in "Les Huguenots" in November of 1899. His New York début was made in "Don Giovanni" on Dec. 27 following. A bit of yellowing paper in preserved in the library records of the Metropolitan; it reads:

December 27th, 1899.
DON GIOVANNI.
Mozart.

Donna Anna.....Mme. Nordica
Donna Elvira.....Susanne Adams
and
Zerlina.....Mme. Sembrich
Leporello.....M. Ed de Reszke
Don Attavio.....M. Salignac
Masetto.....Sig. Puri Corsi
(His first appearance here.)
Il Commendatore.....M. Davies
and
Don Giovanni.....Sig. Scotti
(His first appearance here.)
Conductor—Mancinelli.

Scotti's premier in the operatic world had occurred ten years before, at Malta, and he had become a success at once. His second engagement was at the Manzoni Theatre in Milan—"at half the salary I earned in Malta," Scotti says, smiling; "a temporary financial sacrifice I made for the sake of being heard in the Italian operatic centre without waiting several years." It was an excellent investment, for before a fortnight was over he had two years' work, in the shape of contracts, in his pocket.

Although his immediate recognition sweeps away all the delightful possibilities of telling, in this biography, of his "early struggles," Signor Scotti insists that his swift success was not so easy as it sounds.

"It was hard work with a vengeance in those days," he comments. "I wonder what beginner in these times is required to sing in ten operas his first season! That was my repertoire in Malta in 1889. My professional training, apart from and after my amateur lessons and singing, had lasted three years before that, working every day."

To the Left, as Scarpia in "Tosca."

To the Right, as Tonio in the "Pagliacci" Prologue.

© Mishkin.

As Tonio in "La Fille du Regiment."

© Mishkin.

Scotti was intended not for the stage but for the Church—one more instance of the frequent linking together of those two dissimilar vocations. It was while he was studying for holy orders with his uncle, a canon, that the discovery of the high quality of his voice was made.

Needless to say, he has sung all over the world—in so many places, indeed, that he cannot remember them all. "Caruso kept a record of all such things," Scotti says. "He could turn a page and tell you anything you wanted to know, but I can't. All I know is that since I started my career there has never been a season when I have not sung."

But since 1899 New York has been his home more than any other city. "I have missed only one half season at the Metropolitan in that time. That was when I had pneumonia."

If Scotti had been faithful to the American public for twenty-five years the American public has been no less faithful to him. "I think that is the finest thing of all about American audiences—their faithfulness," he declares. "It is beautiful. If I had known what friends I was making for a whole lifetime it would have been an immense comfort to me on my début here, for you can imagine how nervous I was. Yet I suppose I shouldn't have been a bit less nervous had I known your public as I know it now. I am always appalled and anxious on those occasions. It usually leaves me as soon as I step upon the stage and become enveloped in the character I am portraying. Often, though, I am even more agitated after singing than before."

When Scotti and Calvé, who also prided herself on really "living" the

parts she played, appeared together it must have been thrilling for the other members of the cast, and on at least one occasion it was exciting also for the people "out front." That was when Scotti made his bow in New York as Escamillo. As he fell, at the end of his duel with Don José (Salignac was singing) he struck Carmen with such force as to knock her senseless. The curtain had to be rung down. The audience waited in a tumult of worry. In fifteen minutes the scene was resumed where it had been interrupted. Calvé had entirely recovered, though one imagines that Scotti and Salignac were still upset.

Another thing about American audiences that has always delighted Scotti is that they are gracious and polite. He says: "They never fail to greet a newcomer with a little round of applause, a 'How-de-do, we are pleased to make your acquaintance,' just before he has sung a note. That is encouraging. Some audiences are mistrustful of new artists. They sit back in their chairs as if they were saying, 'Well, now, come; show us what you can do—if anything.'

"The American audience is even polite when it is displeased. It may remain cold and unmoved, but it never makes its disappointment audible. Loud expression of displeasure is agonizing not only to its victim but also to all the rest of the cast. I have fancied that Western audiences were a little warmer than those in the Eastern States, but that may be merely climatic. Italian audiences are far the most enthusiastic, but they express approval and disapproval with equal enthusiasm, even in these sophisticated days."

Sophistication, Scotti thinks, has wrought the greatest change in audiences in his experience. The typical Metropolitan audience of twenty-five years ago would seem naïve to a Metropolitan audience today. "Perhaps they were easier to move and not so critical then," he says. "But I do not know that that was preferable. It is more satisfying to win appreciation from an audience that is discriminating. And audiences are steadily growing more intelligent."

Change in audiences has naturally had its complement in change in grand-opera methods. Gone are the days when a stiff wooden figure stepped down to the footlights with arms outstretched and delivered a prescribed number of notes to the audience. Even Scotti admits that he used to be guilty of that sort of thing himself thirty-five years ago. One is tempted to believe, though, that he did it (if he did it at all) with a difference!

Scotti had some delightful experiences of the spontaneity of audiences when for a while he was an impresario and took his own company of Metropolitan stars on tour in the South and the West. He was invariably applauded with gustful hisses in his villain rôles (which he prefers to all others), especially in that of Chim-Fang in "L'Oracolo." Not even the gallery at a melodrama is often so carried away with the stage story in New York.

The impresario interlude in his career has left Scotti many memories to chuckle over. For instance, there was the famous tenor (Scotti out, too late, that each 3,000 lire was worth $150.

Then there was the time, not so funny except when viewed in retrospect, when the local management in Austin, Texas, forgot that an orchestra was a necessary adjunct of grand opera and had to take out seats already sold in order to accommodate the "band."

And so, on the whole, Scotti prefers the comparatively irresponsible life of a singer. Next to New York, London has seen most of Scotti. He has sung at Covent Garden for fifteen Spring seasons. Naturally, he laments the passing of that famous opera house, for even though the English did not take enough interest in it to keep it open, it used to be one of the three great stepping-stones to an operatic career—the Scala at Milan, then Covent Garden, then the Metropolitan. After that progress a singer was considered as graduated into a star of the first magnitude.

"I remember convincing Caruso about that," Scotti mused, glancing affectionately at the photograph of the dead tenor on his piano. "I got him to sign his first contract to appear there. Grau had a hand in running Covent Garden then, as well as the Metropolitan, and he asked me to speak to Caruso—we both were in Milan at the time. I persuaded Caruso to sing at the London house for less money than he was getting at the Scala, telling him that after he had sung there his earning power would be vastly increased everywhere else. It was perfectly true, too. Those were the milestones of one's career."

Caruso afterward signed a contract with Grau to appear at the Metropolitan, but Grau retired because of illness, the contract had to be remade with Conried, and Caruso did not sing in America until the following year, four years after Scotti.

They were fellow-workers and the closest of friends for eighteen years. During Caruso's last illness Scotti was with him almost constantly, sometimes spending whole nights in his apartment, often leaving him only in time to go down to the Metropolitan and sing, then returning hurriedly, perhaps still made up, accompanied by others of the company, eager for news.

"He was a wonderful friend and a most remarkable man, apart from his pre-eminence as a singer. But everybody knows that. One thing in his artistic life impressed me particularly: It was the surprising extent to which he developed himself and his powers in his last ten years.

"The one season I sang in Berlin was with Caruso—and Farrar." Scotti smiled over recollections of operatic adventures shared with one or other of those famous singers. There was the time—long ago now—when, in the first scene of "Pagliacci," the donkey drawing the cart in which Mme. Sembrich and Caruso made their entrance took more than its appointed part in the scene. The creature trotted to the footlights, glared at the conductor, and sat down calmly and firmly on the stage.

Not all the combined eloquence of Mme. Sembrich and Scotti, who urged it to listen to reason, nor the vigorous persuasions of Caruso, who belabored it with a drumstick, could induce the donkey to move. At last the animal was lifted by the male chorus and carried off stage, after which Scotti, Caruso and Mme. Sembrich had the lightsome task of resuming the opera.

More serious was the occurrence in Baltimore in 1908, when Scotti was probably the means of saving Miss Farrar's life. She was bowing her acknowledgments too near the footlights, when Scotti saw the curtain descending upon her head. Rushing forward, he dragged her back just in time. The jeweled tiara she wore was torn from her head and broken to bits.

Though Signor Scotti has sung comparatively seldom in Italy, he has appeared at the Scala, in Milan, three seasons. A great triumvirate made a joint début there—Scotti, the singer; Gatti-Casazza, the manager, and Toscanini, the conductor. Scotti's last appearance at Milan was at the centenary of Verdi, when he sang Falstaff, always one of his favorite parts and greatest successes. He appeared also at the festival in honor of King Victor Emmanuel and at the fiftieth anniversary of the Union of All Italy.

"I was in America," he said, "when I received word from Toscanini to go over for that. The one great place where I have never sung is Naples—and I am a Neapolitan!"—he went on. "It has been so unfortunate; they have often invited me, and I have been eager to accept their offers. But always some other contract has prevented. I have sung everywhere, even in Russia and South America, but never in my own Naples.

"There is much chance about contracts—the ones you accept because they happen to come first, the ones you wish you had accepted and then the ones over which misunderstandings arise. My début here was really due to such a misunderstanding.

"Puccini, you see, intended me to create the part of Scarpia at the world première of 'Tosca' in Milan. I was rehearsing 'Bohème' at Covent Garden, and it was understood that Puccini should come to London to hear the dress rehearsal, bringing the nearly finished score of 'Tosca' with him for me to see. When the day of the dress rehearsal was fixed, I cabled it to Puccini, signing my wire 'Mancinelli Scotti' as a gesture of welcome to him not only from myself but also from Mancinelli, the conductor. Puccini, being feverishly busy, found himself unable to come to London, and in his rush of work addressed his cable of explanation to Mancinelli only.

"I heard nothing about this wire, and at length became indignant at what I fancied to be Puccini's rudeness to me. At that precise moment I received the offer, from Grau, of my first Metropolitan contract. I

(Continued on Page 14)

As Chim-Fang in "L'Oracolo."

As Sir Richard in "I Puritani."

As Marcello in "La Boheme." © Mishkin.

As Comte de Nevers in "Les Huguenots." © Mishkin.

THOMAS HARDY'S FIRST REAL PLAY

His Version of the Legend of Tristram and Iseult Produced By English Village Players

By ERNEST BRENNECKE Jr.

FRESHENED Hardy memories crowded in upon the spectator in the hall of the Dorchester Corn Exchange in England last month as he waited for the curtain to part, disclosing the first performance of what Thomas Hardy has called his "first real play," finished in his eighty-third year—Wessex tradition and history, Wessex fiction and fact, bubbled together in an amazing mélange.

The "Frampton Family Orchestra," a local organization, scraped away upon fiddles and bass viols like the old Mellstock Choir, pouring out a potpourri of lively country dances. And underneath this wooden ceiling, between these green-painted Gothic arches, was the very scene of the Casterbridge Mayor's downfall. Along the High Street outside one remembered seeing a drove of sheep, followed by a shaggy dog and a shepherd—surely it must be Gabriel Oak—with his crook. A bare two miles away stood changeless Mai Dun, that colossal ancient pagan earthwork, stolid and indifferent to the piercing cold that once stung the hapless Tess on the uplands.

Back along the Wareham Road sat the aged author in his solitary home, Max Gate, quietly at work on his beloved lyric poems, unmindful, seemingly, of what happened to his play. A simple country audience—humble folk all, except for a few well-to-do squires who arrived in motors and a handful of critics from London.

These last, and a broadcasting microphone hanging before the stage, were the only witnesses that this was an event of more than local importance, that it was anything more than a village entertainment, written, prepared and presented by villagers. The critics and the microphone, which immediately transported the performance to all who bought a penny paper or listened to the bedtime story, seemed somehow out of place. That microphone in its unpretentious setting was a very striking symbol. Hardy is not only a modest, retiring patriarch of the last century, an established Victorian novelist, contemporary of Meredith and Swinburne, with memories that reach back to 1844, but still a vital, active spirit, still a path breaker and experimenter and the chosen leader of the younger generation of lyric poets. The first edition of his new play was sold out before publication; the reprint was immediately exhausted.

Reflections of this kind were interrupted, however, when the Frampton musicians suddenly stoped fiddling. The lights were switched off—on and off again, with the customary indecision of an amateur first-night stage electrician. A projection machine hissed and spluttered fitfully in the rear, and a wavering circle of green light at last found the centre of the curtain and rested there. The curtain parted, a shrouded, bearded figure appeared in the shadows of the aperture and spoke, in stiff declamatory fashion • • •

"There's old Tilley!" cried a woman.

But Mr. Tilley became Hardy's Merlin in a moment with his words:

"We come, at your persuasive call,
To raise up, in this modern hall,
A tragedy of dire duress
That vexed the land of Lyonesse. . . ."

Then the muffled "shades of dead old Cornish men and women" chanting, in slow monotone, the choral introduction, as they advanced and took up their stations before the proscenium. Then, as the lights disclosed an exact stage replica of Hardy's own design for the interior of Tintagel Castle, appeared the characters in the most pathetic episode in the great Arthurian legend, the best-beloved theme of all English poets. Again the story of Queen Iseult, King Mark, Sir Tristrem, Iseult of the White Hands • • •

"The Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall"—the death of Tristram.

The play opened thus, lived for three-quarters of an hour, and closed again like a flower, the chanters' receding as they had advanced, and Merlin, once more appearing, reciting the brief epilogue and vanishing.

And what of us, with this impression now added to those we brought with us? Well, the critics who vanished Londonward, back to the fashionable Oriental glitter of "Hassan" (only the faithful Clement Shorter remained for a second performance), were not slow to point out, rightly, that here was given no great sweep of emotion such as a reading of "The Dynasts" gives, no thrill like the melodramatic thrill of "The Return of the Native," or of "Tess," or of "Jude."

Superficial explanations of this were of course not lacking. One has learned to expect the superhuman from Hardy. And here was an amateur performance, no better than the usual, aside from the merits of the tragedy itself. The mind of the audience was continually distracted by the creaking of the stage machinery, the audible promptings, the ill-fitting costumes, the mumbled delivery of the lines, the total lack of fire and passion, the unintelligibility of the choruses' declamations, the stiff, unreal attitudes and gestures, the bad imitations of "acting." Here was neither the charming naiveté of the Irish Players nor the practiced, polished emotion of the great metropolitan actors.

As to Hardy's text itself, it by no means deserves the patronizing air adopted by most of the critics who visited Dorchester. It is in strict Euripidean form: the action represents only the culmination of a long legend, merely the final tragic moments. There is but a single scene, the time of the play is equal to the time of the representation, the precedent action is disclosed through the prologue (Merlin) and the choruses, and the latter comment on the action in interpolated lyric strophes, antistrophes and epodes. There are only four principal actors and but two subordinate parts. All is in accord with the strictest logical mechanics, as set down in Aristotle's "Art of Poetry." All is stark and simple. The construction is closed, locked and riveted.

The "Argument" can be compressed into a short paragraph:

"Tristram and Iseult, the betrothed of King Mark, drink a love potion. Iseult marries the King, and Tristram departs to Brittany, where he weds his love's namesake, Iseult of the White Hands. Mark goes a-hunting. Iseult follows her lover to Brittany, but is told by Tristram's wife that he is dead, and returns in despair to Tintagel. At this point the play opens. Mark returns and taunts Iseult with his discovery of her surreptitious journey. Tristram, having learned his wife's deception, has crossed the sea, and enters the Court disguised as a minstrel. Iseult of the White Hands, having followed Tristram, enters, entreats him for his love and is spurned. Mark discovers Tristram and the Queen together, stabs Tristram, and is himself stabbed by the Queen, who thereupon leaps into the sea. The other Iseult laments her fate and returns to Brittany."

This tale, long in Tennyson and Wagner, endless in Mallory, is compressed into forty-five minutes of "four-square" drama. Simplicity is the keynote. The character drawing is anything but subtle: Tristram is the noble lover, Iseult the strong mistress, Mark the tyrannical husband, Iseult the White Handed the pathetic abandoned wife—and that is all. More could not be indicated in a space so restricted as that which Hardy has allowed himself. All is in accordance with the requirements of a huge Greek amphitheatre or of a tiny mummers' stage.

A few lines, taken at random, will illustrate the nakedness of Hardy's working out of his situations. Iseult the White Handed thus appeals to her husband:

"But you don't mean you'll live
away from me,
Leave me, and henceforth be unknown to me,
Oh, you don't surely? I could not
help coming;
Don't send me away—do not, do not
do so!"

Here is the naïve hauteur of the Queen, after the other Iseult's collapse:

"Give her good rest. Yes, yes, in
sooth I said
That she might come. Put her in
mine own bed;
I'll sleep on the floor!"

And the dying Tristram to his traitor friend:

"O Andret, Andret; this from thee
to me—
Thee, whom I onetime held my
fastest friend:
Wert thou as I, I would not treat
thee so!"

Finally, Iseult the White Handed's lament:

"What a rare beauteous knight has
perished here
By this most cruel craft! Could not
King Mark,
If wronged, have chid him—minded
him of me,
And not done this, done this! Well,
well; she's lost him,
Even as have I. This stronghold
moans with woes,
And jibbering voices join with winds
and waves
To make a dolorous din! • • •"

Here is nothing like Marty South's apostrophe at the close of "The Woodlanders," no close to Synge's "Riders to the Sea," no "Liebestod." In the twilight of his life Hardy seems to be passionately striving to get ever closer in touch with the realities of life, throwing aside all the glitter of the elaborate psychology of his novels and the metaphysics and verbal bombast such as adorned his "Dynasts." Ordinary words for great human moments, bare facts, clothed in natural rhythms, seem to be his goal, as the closest approach to the truest and most sincere art.

The "Queen of Cornwall" is not Hardy's crowning achievement. Measured against the sustained splendor of "Jude" or "The Dynasts," it seems very tiny. But, for all that, it is a remarkable accomplishment for a man of 83

Queen Iseult Stabs King Mark.

EUROPE—WHY HAS FREEDOM FAILED?

It Is the Tribal Spirit That Chains Each People to Its Separate Destiny and Protective Tariff

By P. W. WILSON

ACCORDING to President Wilson, the great war was fought in order to make the world "safe for democracy." It seemed so simple to dispose of the Romanoffs, the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns and to install republican institutions under which citizens, hitherto oppressed, would freely exercise the vote.

The question arises, therefore—and it is a question of vital importance to the peace and happiness of mankind—why this program, so plain and so logical has failed? Why is there less democracy in Europe than dictatorship? Why is communism itself only a variant of Kaiserdom? And why is the alternative to Kaiserdom a kind of chaos? What is it in Europe that calls for a Mussolini and a Primo de Rivera? Why cannot civilised nations like Spain and Italy govern themselves according to a Constitution as Constitutions are understood in the United States?

The time has come when we shall have to recognise that of all human aims democracy is among the hardest to achieve. The word itself is thousands of years old and is, of course, Greek. The similar word, republic, is Latin. Yet neither in Greece nor in Rome was liberty secure. The genius of Greece developed into the imperialism of Alexander the Great and his successors. And the genius of Rome developed into the empire of the Caesars.

Our churches, too, have made us familiar with the history of the Judaic people, in which we find a heroic attempt to establish a commonwealth of tribes, living peacefully together under what Americans would call their town meeting, and so maintaining an orderly administration of beneficent law. In its day that enterprise was unique; it was attempted amid an environment of universal despotism—Egypt, Babylon, Edom, Moab—and in the end the infant commonwealth succumbed to these reactionary influences and asked for a King. Liberty was surrendered.

Venice was, in her turn, a seaport, devoted to commerce. She had no need of a monarchy, and might have been an example of municipal freedom. Yet Venice submitted to what was always an unchallengeable and often a pitiless oligarchy. She was governed in the name of a "doge," or duke—the very title now assigned to Mussolini.

Most of the Tuscan republics, so-called, had their "dukes," and even Florence, the champion of freedom in art and letters, finally accepted the velvet but effective sway of the Medici. And as for Rome in the Middle Ages, she did indeed faintly respond to the trumpet call of liberty, sounded by Rienzi, but she soon relapsed into acquiescence in a form of rule which was ecclesiastical rather than representative.

Centuries before the Parliament of Cromwell in England Spain had her Cortes or Legislatures, as hopeful as the Parliament of Simon de Montfort, but the Moors were a peril; and a tyranny at once dynastic and religious was forged as a weapon of defense, which meant that here also the fire of freedom was quenched in blood and tears. The Poles also aimed at liberty, but lost it in large measure because they reduced their Constitution to a farce by instating an absurd checks and balances which enabled an irreconcilable minority to paralyze the will of the nation.

France was the country which actually coined the word Parliament, and yet there was a long and disastrous period from 1614 to 1789 during which that Parliament never met. And when, on the eve of the Revolution, it was at last summoned, the three Estates of the Realm instituted a deadlock which forced the country, first into chaos and finally into the dictatorship of Napoleon.

In our own day you would have thought that the peoples of the Balkans, set free from the yoke of the Sultan, would have desired no form of government save a republic; indeed, an association of republics which might have been the United States of the Near East. But they had no sooner got rid of the Crescent than they sought for crowns, and their subsequent calamities illustrate the proverb that a nation has the Government it deserves.

What is the inner explanation of this failure to put into practice the methods of political freedom? Behind the Europe of today there lies the Europe of many yesterdays. Like the continents of America, the Continent of Europe was peopled by immigrants. These tribes trekked westward just as the pioneers, in their covered wagon, trekked toward the Rockies. In Europe, as in America, the immigrants included numerous races, speaking numerous languages. And Europe, like America, thus became what pessimists call a caldron and optimists a melting pot. But whereas America, by her schools and colleges, her laws and her churches, is seeking to evolve one citizenship, Europe—without those schools, without those colleges, without those laws and without those churches—has remained tribal.

"Behind the Europe of today there lies the Europe of many yesterdays."

Instead of all her territories welcoming all her peoples, each territory has welcomed only one people. The instinct has been not for aggregation but for segregation. There is not a country in Europe, therefore, that does not fear for its frontier. There is not a country that does not seek, as the tribe seeks, to be led by and to obey a chieftain. It is the instinct of self-preservation. It is the subconsciousness of danger. It is the age-long anticipation of future and inevitable conflict.

The tribal chieftain—call him duke or king or kaiser or dictator—cultivates the military mind. In his followers he sees one virtue, namely, the virtue of a disciplined obedience. Under the Czars this obedience was safeguarded by ignorance, and schools were few and far between. The German promoted obedience by a definite philosophy, and every school, every college was devoted to the propaganda of the potentate. But in Germany and in Russia the objective was the same—the subservience of the citizen to the State and of the State to the superman. With dictatorship in the air, the dictator easily leaps into the saddle. Even in France the Executive is powerfully centralized and exercises a control of the press and the individual that is unknown in the United States.

What we call democracy is thus a matter of degree. Holland and Portugal are both called democratic countries, but the guaranteed of personal liberty in Holland are more thoroughly established by law and tradition than they are likely to be for many years to come in Posen or Warsaw. It took England 800 years to perfect her Constitution, and it was only during the war that her people achieved a democratic franchise. The United States, building also on that long experience, has many constitutional problems still to solve; while in Latin America a republic, at once free and stable, has often proved to be beyond the capacity of the citizenry.

This analysis of Europe's reaction must not be misunderstood. Under autocracies it has often happened that art, music, religion, letters, commerce have greatly flourished. A nation that obeys an Emperor need not be a barbarous nation. On the contrary, it may be a nation that has emerged from barbarism and passed through an era of liberty. Democracy means discussion. And discussion does not always mean decision. Men, eager for the beauty and truth in life, are often disgusted by the shams of popular politics. A Republican or a Democratic convention in this country or a general election in the British Commonwealth may be a necessity of the State, but it does not lend itself to landscapes by Corot, to the theories of Einstein, to sonatas by Beethoven or to a statue of civic virtue by MacMonnies. Neither Congress nor the House of Commons is a studio consecrated to genius. And politics, to those who have taken the plunge, loses its glamour.

The best politician is not he who makes the most speeches, but he who, behind the scenes, sees to it that while the private interest has fair play, the public interest is not sacrificed. It is dull work. It requires exceptional qualities of patriotism. And the man who serves the State most faithfully is not by any means the man who is most adept in attracting the limelight to himself. If nominated for office he may not be elected. If elected, his very excellencies may prevent his re-election. The elected politician is thus often criticised. And the alternative to the politician is the bureaucrat who can govern without troubling about votes—in a word, the dictator.

Things would be less depressing, perhaps, if we remembered that the word politician, which sounds so sinister, is no more than the Greek term for the Latin word citizen. The two words mean precisely the same, and in Anglo-Saxon may be rendered townsman. If the citizen is not a politician he ought to be, and a politician should not cease to be a citizen.

In Europe the politician is hampered at every point by tribal animosities. Freedom will always be impaired while the Continent is held subject to potential wars over fragments of territory, meticulous tariffs, outlets to the sea, interrupted railroads and rivers, and indeterminate plebiscites over those disputed no man's lands where the vote satisfies neither the majority nor the minority. It is the apprehension of peril that calls Cincinnatus from his plow and makes him a dictator. During the war Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, themselves wielded exceptional powers. And it was the craving for such a dictatorship that destroyed Asquith, who would not be one.

If, then, freedom is to do her perfect work in Europe there must be tranquillity. And tranquillity means co-operation. The trade must recognise that commonwealth which includes all tribes. The feuds of the past must be merged in the friendships of the future. After all, religion has to make terms with science. And politics will have to make terms with science. The radio, the telegraph, the telephone, the airplane, a hundred such links are drawing the society of nations together. And nowhere are the nations so crowded as in Europe. The statesmanship which ignores these facts is suicide.

What Europe needs is a more accurate definition of nationality. The world is today organised in large units. North and South America, with 200,000,000 people, are a unit for peace. India, with 350,000,000 people, is a unit for peace. China, with 300,000,000 people, is at least such a unit for external peace. Russia includes 150,000,000 people who do not fight one another. And Africa, with 200,000,000 people, is tranquil.

Europe alone is shattered into political fragments. And in her philosophy there is doubtless a value. No one wants mankind to be standardised. The local traditions, customs, language, literature, art, songs, dress and dances are irreplaceable assets in the life of mankind. If there were no pilgrimages in Brittany, no Eisteddfod in Wales, no gondolas in Venice, no castles on the Rhine, no windmills in the Netherlands every one who lives everywhere would be the poorer in imagination. But these distinctive marks of a country may all be preserved inviolate, like the flag and the Government of the country, without pressing the legitimate self-determination of free peoples to an aggressive extreme. Because a country values its traditions that is no reason why it should restrict its trade. It is no reason why it should erect its frontiers into barriers that are themselves grievances to all its neighbors. It should encourage the interchange of goods, the intermarriage of citizens, the communication of ideas.

Otherwise two penalties will inevitably fall on the European Continent. First, the dominant influence of Europe in Africa and Asia will fade away into a mere memory. And secondly, in the pursuit of happiness, Europe herself will fall behind the Americas. It is obvious that a civilisation from which internal friction has been eliminated must advance faster than a civilisation which those internal frictions constantly retard.

To blame Europe is easy. But to know all is to forgive all. If the tribes of Europe have not coalesced, the reason has been that Europe was colonized on foot. There were no railways and no telegraphs to unite her peoples. They settled in their valleys and neither moved nor looked beyond a narrow horizon. At a date when man's speed was four miles an hour they ceased to be fluid, to be mobile, to be visionaries. Even so learned a patriot as Professor Masaryk, when he was in New York, showed me a map of Europe which split up the Continent into seventy or more separate nations, and advanced the idea that, broadly speaking, they should all be free and independent and, apparently, surrounded by custom houses. Indeed, he was firmly convinced that Britain was a protectionist country and was astonished when I corrected him. And his authority was the political scholarship of Germany, in which he was deeply read. That was not European ignorance; it was European enlightenment. And it showed how the best-informed minds had been warped by an environment of tribal instinct.

NO MORE THE NEW-YEAR CALL

An Old Custom Once Highly Honored in the Hospitable Observance.

By MARY FISHER TORRANCE

IN the days when little old New York was young our Dutch forefathers made a grand festival of the coming of the new year. January the 1st was ushered in at midnight by the ringing of bells and firing of guns, and as the day grew older fun waxed faster and more furious. Says good Dietrich Knickerbocker, faithful chronicler of those times:

On that genial day the fountains of hospitality were broken up, and the whole community was deluged with cherry brandy, true Hollands and mulled cider; every house was a temple of the jolly god; and many a provident vagabond got drunk enough gratis to serve him half a year afterward.

Though everybody, high and low, kept open house on this occasion, the centre of gayety was the gubernatorial mansion, where all the good burghers and their wives presented themselves some time during the day to pay their respects to the Governor. And please note that the Governor's New Year's reception was in those times a real party, with things to eat and drink. There was no officious military aid on duty to greet your first footsteps across the threshold with: "Line-forms-this-side-don't-crowd-please-pass-right along," emitting you through the back door into the rear alley, new white gloves and all, somewhat confused as to what had really happened. Your only cry of comfort nowadays lies in seeing your fellow-handshakers equally crestfallen, and equally hungry, having purposely gone light on lunch, in the full expectation of being conveyed by the Governor's lady right up to the refreshment table and urged to spend the afternoon.

Let us stop traffic for a whole minute to meditate upon the happy days of Peter the Headstrong. Today the sincere eater steers clear of highbrow receptions and hies him to lowbrow cafeterias, where the hunting is better.

But to return to the seventeenth century New Year's:

On this occasion the good Peter was devoutly observant of the pious Dutch rite of kissing the womenkind for a Happy New Year; and it is traditional that Antony the Trumpeter, who acted as gentleman usher, took toll of all the young and handsome as they passed through the ante-chamber. This venerable custom, thus happily introduced, was followed with such zeal by high and low that on New Year's Day, during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant, New Amsterdam was the most thoroughly bekissed community in all Christendom.

We have no record as to when, why or how gubernatorial osculation passed into the discard; but pass it did, and now the gubernatorial sandwich—alas and alack!—has followed in its wake.

When General Washington became our first President and made his official residence in New York, he gladly adopted the established Knickerbocker custom of the New Year's reception. During his incumbency the Executive Mansion, then situated at 3 Cherry Street, at the site of the approach to the present Brooklyn Bridge, was the scene of gay revelry on the first day of the year.

Writing in the year 1855, the author of "The Illustrated Manners Book: a Manuel of Good Behavior and Polite Accomplishments" observes that kissing on New Year's Day has gone out. "What few kisses we have come on Christmas and on birthdays." However, he devotes an entire chapter of his valuable little book to the etiquette of New Year's Day. Thus:

In New York, and in all cities and towns that follow its social customs, gentlemen make New Year's calls upon ladies. . . . Refreshments are usually provided, sometimes in profusion, and they are accompanied with a freedom and hilarity unknown to other occasions.

Full dress was at that time de rigeur for a lady on New Year's Day, full dress being with ladies, according to the author of the manual, "as little dress as they can possibly feel comfortable in wearing."

On New Year's Day itself the gentlemen did their calling; on the day and week following New Year's the ladies did theirs. The manual does not fail to adjure refined females against the dangers of conspicuous attire, which might lead to an unfortunate misunderstanding on the part of the always predatory male.

If, by any chance, you are caught out overdressed make an apology. Those who wear fine clothes on the street have no other place to display them. Broadway is their drawing room, where a richly or showily dressed woman is either a visitor from the country, not au fait to town customs, or one of the frail sisterhood, who disregard inconvenient customs.

In the year 1855, which, nota bene, was but a short time after the Seneca Falls Convention, a genteel female must not appear to enjoy her food, the gastronomical rite being a pleasure reserved to the protecting sex. A really nice girl of the period resembled that famous young lady named Maud—the terrible fraud—of whom it is written:

To eat at the table
She never was able—
But alone in the pantry—O Lawd!

One can only hope, for great-grandma's sake, that the devastating horde of New Year's callers spared a few fragments of victuals to be warmed over in a casserole for lunch the next day.

In the heyday of its popularity New Year's Day was the day of the year on which all gentlemen were expected to call and offer congratulations to each of their lady acquaintances. Clergymen were at home on this day; likewise bridegrooms, who on the first New Year's after marriage received callers with their respective brides. It was the spirit of the day to offer hospitality lavishly and to receive it equally lavishly. Even the employes of a gentleman were permitted to pay their respects and to eat and drink with the ladies of the household. On principle the old-fashioned New Year's was beautifully democratic.

In the year 1870 the population of New York City—at that time confined to Manhattan Island—was under a million inhabitants. Transportation was by means of fourteen street car lines, operating in the area south of Central Park. These were drawn by mules or horses as motive power and the fare was 6 cents. There were also bus lines on Broadway, Houston Street, Madison Avenue and Fifth Avenue. These northbound lines stopped at Forty-second Street, because nobody lived above Forty-second Street. It is probable there were human beings, other than aborigines and squatters, inhabiting the hinterlands of Yorkville and Harlem, but their names seldom found their way into the newspapers, save as reluctant guests at a tomahawking party. At all events, one was not expected to call upon them, either on New Year's Day, if a gentleman, or, if a lady, during the week immediately following.

A guide book of the period, Miller's "New York as It Is," cites Union Square, Gramercy Park, Madison Square, Lafayette Place and Washington Square, as show residential sections of the town. But it is Fifth Avenue that the author singles out as "the great centre of wealth and fashion." Among the fine buildings to be seen on a promenade along that world-famous thoroughfare at that time were the Brevoort House, at Eighth Street, "a first-class family hotel on a large scale"; four blocks further up, the home of Mr. James Lenox, at Twelfth Street; Mr. Lorillard Spencer's residence at Sixteenth Street; the Belmont house at Eighteenth; the W. B. Astor residence at Thirty-third Street, and, at Thirty-fourth, "perhaps the most sumptuous private mansion in the city, that formerly owned by Dr. Townsend, since purchased by A. T. Stewart."

However delightful and commodious Manhattan's system of rapid transit appeared to the compiler of "New York as It Is," the New Year's caller in those days would have none of it, since he traveled fastest who went either on foot or in a carriage. For New Year's calling, if completely and thoroughly done, with no sins of omission to rise and smite one later on during the season, became not so much a pastime as a job. It was the custom for a group of young men to club together on the expense of a coach or barouche for the day, and go the rounds of a carefully plotted out route, calling at every house where anybody knew anybody. The more the merrier; not only did ladies on this day welcome their friends, but the friends of their friends' friends.

Materfamilias prided herself on her table display and the richness of the spread—cold meats, salads, ices, confectionery and triumphs of the pastry cook's art; paterfamilias saw to it that there was abundance of good extra-dry champagne on the ice and the claret punch properly mixed, and filia familias, the flapper of 1870, rejoiced in the steadily accumulating pile of visiting cards in the hall, "each card a pearl, each pearl a prayer," to be counted over the next day and displayed to one's dearest girl friends who may—or may not—have amassed an equal number of scalps.

Ladies in the receiving party went on duty as early as 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and it was proper at that hour for them to wear full evening dress, with the gas lighted and the shades drawn. But as regards proper dress, this was a case where sauce for the goose was rated saucy for the gander. Thus, according to "Social Etiquette in New York: 1870":

"Gentlemen should wear a morning costume of dark coat and vest, with lighter pantaloons, when they pay New Year's calls. It is not uncommon to see dress suits, but the taste is questionable, dress suits never being strictly correct until evening."

An old New Yorker of long-established family, on being interrogated as to his recollections of New Year's Day and the wearing of dress suits, shook his head in disdain. And then, reconsidering: "But," he admitted grudgingly, "the Murray Hill set may have done it!"

According to the author of "Bazar Book of Decorum," published by Harper's in 1870, at that time, with the increase of the great cities and the consequent enlargement of social circles, already was manifest a growing disposition on the part of fashionable dames to refuse themselves on New Year's Day to all but relatives and intimates of their families, to whom at home cards were sent. Ten years later, declares "Social Etiquette":

"Even this boundary in many instances widened to so extended a circumference that not a few of our kindliest and most hospitable of ladies have been compelled either to close their doors upon this day of handshaking, eating and drinking, or else to issue cards of welcome to as many of their gentlemen acquaintances as they can well entertain in a single day."

It is obvious that a man who spent from six to ten hours in paying visits, sometimes making as many as 125 calls on a single New Year's Day (I know one who actually did that little thing!), could not eat and drink at each home that he entered. Many men, profiting by the sad example of their too convivial brethren, refused wine absolutely for this one day. But whether a caller ate or declined refreshment, it was expected that his visit be very brief, not to exceed five or ten minutes.

"Three minutes," says "Social Etiquette," "is the utmost limit some of our fashionable gentlemen allow themselves at one residence."

In 1879 the above social arbiter recognizes the occasion for a lady's declining visitors altogether. In polite society "she usually suspends a basket from the doorhandle as a receptacle for the cards of those who would gladly have paid their respects to her during this initial day of the new year."

This writer speaks as if the long-established custom were already on the wane: "The quality, quantity and costliness of the table supplies on New Year's Day fall far short of our old-fashioned lavishness." And he who ran in those days might read all signs of the times, pointing to the fact of New Year's calling having degenerated to being rated as a nuisance and a bore.

The institution never was definitely extinguished; it just petered out. Year by year, during the early '80s, welcome - on - the - doormat became supplanted by basket-on-the-doorknob. And then there came a time when nobody bothered even to hang out a basket. You were welcome to ring the bell and come in if you wanted to; but once inside you wouldn't find anything to eat or drink any more—so what was the use?

"The Good Peter was devoutly observant of the pious Dutch rite of Kissing the womenkind."

SAINT JOAN AND SHAW

(Continued from Page 3)

of untruth'? We thought that referred to you. Besides, he talked so much."

When the thing was done, Shaw wrote another manager: "My name alone is worth $10,000. The Theatre Guild expected to lose $30,000 on their production of 'Back to Methusiah' and lost only $20,000."

In the case of "The Devil's Disciple" again Shaw postponed the opening in order to avoid a conflict with an international event. This time it was the Washington Conference. That solemn pow-wow had to be disposed of before the play in which General Burgoyne figures so airily could be revived for those who still remembered Mansfield, and even for those who didn't. When Arthur Gutterman in a letter to the press called attention to an error in General Burgoyne's route, Shaw sent a post card: "Please ask Major Swindon to say 'I will undertake to do what we have marched out from Ticonderoga to do' instead of 'from Boston.' Also ask all concerned in the third act to note that the name Burgoyne is stressed strongly on the last syllable. 'Bgoyn, not Burrgoyne."

Shaw deals with his own play scripts very methodically. He has the script set up by his own printer and corrects and cuts for the final version from this printed text. When corrections are incorporated in a second printed form it is this corrected form which goes to the book publishers.

THE PLAYERS CLUB 35 YEARS YOUNG

Once Upon a Ladies' Day Bernhardt Met Booth There

By LIDA ROSE McCABE

NEW YEAR'S EVE, at midnight's witching stroke, The Players foregather after custom of years in the club's beautiful home on Gramercy Park to toast the memory of its donor. "Founder Night" this observance was christened on the New Year's Eve of 1889, when Edwin Booth personally made over the clubhouse and its priceless contents to his fellow-players, and "Founder Night" it remains—The Players' one immovable function.

Notably significant is the pending observance, for it marks the rounding of The Players' thirty-five years fruitful service in keeping green fading traditions and vagrant memories. A milestone this, not only in the history of the Club but of the American stage, for has not the past year brought to two of The Players—John Barrymore and Walter Hampden—varied acclaim as legitimate successors to "the best Hamlet that ever trod our stage"—Edwin Booth! And with the late passing of the world's most famous actress, what memories will not this Founder Night recall of the meeting there of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Edwin Booth!

Time has wrought no less drastic change in The Players' original roster of one hundred members—of the incorporators John Drew and Brander Matthews alone survive—than in the American stage and drama. But through every shift of taste or standard, The Players' Founder Night remains inviolate—a singularly poetic, vitally fragrant bit of rosemary.

With change of personnel, it is a re-enaction of the New Year's Eve of three and a half decades ago, when Edwin Booth formally gave the house to the club and set up his Lares and Penates under its roof-tree.

The member chosen to read the Founder's address—preserved in the club archives—instead of standing as did Booth before the Yule log of the hall beneath Sully's portrait of his father, Junius Brutus Booth, holds these latter years centre stage in the reading room. There from over the mantelpiece, as the text is voiced, Edwin Booth, through the genius of John S. Sargent, commands the scene. And as the voice progresses, the Sargent canvas—"one of the most brilliant, vigorous and vivid portraits of the nineteenth century"—is a living entity to the last of the Old Guard, so masterly has the painter lightened the countenance with the kindly smile they so often saw the tragedian wear.

To each in fancy, if not in reality, not the voice of the reader but that of the beloved departed fills the lovely old room and warms the cockles of the heart while for the thirty-fifth time they hear: "At this supreme moment of my life, it is my happy privilege to assume the character of host, to welcome you to this house wherein I hope that we for many years, and our legitimate successors for at least a thousand generations, may assemble for friendly intercourse and intellectual recreation too often hidden by 'the mask and motley' of our calling." To be selected to read the Founder's address is distinction to which every member aspires and it remains the highest honor within the gift of the Board of Directors.

Standing beneath the Sargent portrait this New Year's Eve, John Drew, the club's third President—Joseph Jefferson was the second—drinks Booth's toast: "To The Players' perpetual prosperity." From lip to lip as of old goes round the huge loving cup "bequeathed by William Warren of loved and honored memory to the equally loved Joseph Jefferson, who presented it to The Players."

From adjacent alcoves and walls a goodly company of vanished celebrity through the medium of painters of unperishable achievement give the ritual as down the years mute benison. For aside from the Sargent portraits of Booth, Jefferson and Lawrence Barrett are Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Garrick, Nagle's portrait of Edmund Keene, Gilbert Stuart's Thomas Apthorp Cooper, Gainsborough's Robert Palmer, John Collier's heroic portrait of Booth as Richelieu, Gilbert Stuart's Rachel, J. Alden Weir's fine portrait of John Gilbert—the first member to die after the first Founder Night—and Mrs. Gilbert by Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith, who at the age of 93 is of this year's toll, her place in American art assured less by the Gilbert portrait than the fact that it was in her East Twenty-third Street studio that Sargent painted the Carmencita of the Luxemburg.

"Gentlemen whose duty is to formulate opinion on the words and deeds of actors, authors or managers, as dramatic critics, theatrical reporters, out of town correspondents"—in short the press—are ineligible to membership. This unwritten law is enforced in the interest of preservation of the mandate expressed in the quatrain which Booth composed and inscribed under the marble mantel in the hall: "Goode Friend for Friendships sake forbeare to utter what is Gossipt Heare in social chatt, Lest unawares thy Tongue offend thy Fellowe Players."

Physically, The Players was never new in the accepted sense. Like Minerva from head of Jupiter, it sprung full fledged. The first Founder Night it wore the mellow patina which it so unobtrusively continues to preserve—the patina born of age—old beauty and familiar living. It was the first club to invade the residential privacy of Gramercy Park. Edwin Booth intended it a memorial of his father, Junius Brutus Booth—"foremost of the American stage"—no less than a centre and home of all that is best in the American theatre of his and succeeding days.

Aboard E. C. Benedict's steam yacht Oneida the Summer of 1887 the idea matured, and early the next year, at a breakfast given by Augustin Daly, it took definite shape, and was happily named by T. B. Aldrich "The Players." Through William Bispham, one of the incorporators, Mr. Booth bought the stately old-fashioned house adjoining the residence of the Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, since converted into the National Arts home.

The genius and unerring taste of Stanford White transformed it into what it remains after thirty-five years' weathering—"a clubhouse of surpassing unconventionality and comfort, perfect in artistic decoration and appointment, adequately equipped for gracious living."

Ladies' Day, The Players' second annual function, the only time women are admitted, comes on Shakespeare's birthday. It took no less a sorceress than Mme. Sarah Bernhardt to suspend the rules. Edwin Booth wished her to see his home and souvenirs and at his request the Board of Directors yielded.

Chaperoned by her leading man, Bernhardt came to The Players. Mr. Otis Skinner recalls, a late afternoon. Mr. Booth personally conducted them over the clubhouse, and on his private elevator took Bernhardt to his living quarters on the top floor, where, amid the "call backs" of his bitter-sweet career, his last days passed and his life went out in "a bleak and melancholy loneliness."

The Yorick skull, still preserved in Mr. Booth's library, as is the entire suite to the last book he read, the page marked with paper cutter as he left it, fascinated Bernhardt no less than its story.

The elder Booth, while playing in London, became interested in a man condemned to death. He visited him in his cell, and the poor devil was so grateful for the attention that he bequeathed him his skull. Junius Brutus Booth, until his own passing, used the skull in Hamlet. Likewise it served Edwin Booth until a too strenuous grave digger fractured it beyond further use as poor Yorick's brain chest!

At 5 o'clock tea was served in the grill-room, and Mr. Booth presented Mme. Bernhardt to The Players. The "divine Sarah" we may well believe was at her best—the only woman and centre stage!

Daniel Frohman, coming into that afternoon to The Players from the Fourth Avenue Lyceum Theatre, where clever Georgia Cayvan held the boards, found the clubhouse, he tells me, in a ferment of excitement over Bernhardt's visit. Francis Wilson says that Bernhardt and Booth never met, and that she was never at The Players.

Mrs. Kendal and Ellen Terry were subsequently there as Mr. Booth's guests. They came about 11 o'clock in the morning and lunched with him at 1 o'clock. The rule in each instance was suspended owing to professional engagements that prevented the famous actresses from being in town on Ladies' Day.

The writer witnessed the second meeting of Sarah Bernhardt and Edwin Booth at The Players and it remains an indelible memory. It was the last Ladies' Day preceding the tragedian's death.

Ladies' Day, unlike Founder Night, is a movable function. The Shakespeare birthday of 1892 fell on a Saturday. In deference to the players' matinee engagements, Ladies' Day was observed the preceding Friday afternoon. Bernhardt had reached the end of "the most phenomenally successful seasons financially," records Henry E. Abbey, her manager, "then known to the American stage." Her farewell in "Fedora" was scheduled that night at the Metropolitan Opera House. It is matter of history that the performance was marvelous, the ovation tremendous. She played with a spirit and feeling—to quote captious critics—that were not always hers, and we like to attribute it to that afternoon with Booth.

Cards were then rigidly restricted to the wives and daughters of members. The first the public knew of this particular function—The Players then as now fought shy of clubhouse publicity—was a gown in the window of Redfern, the fashionable Fifth Avenue woman tailor.

"To be worn by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Ladies' Day, at The Players" was the placard. In its wake cards to The Players were at a premium.

Much of the cream of the profession was then playing in town or recently back from the road. Ada Rehan, Clara Morris, Janauschek, Maggie Mitchell, Lotta, Annie Pixley, Kate Claxton and Patti were of the headliners. Such an outpouring of beautiful, famous or notorious women New York had rarely seen in an afternoon.

Edwin Booth—After the Portrait in Oil by John S. Sargent in the Players Club.

Interest was tense. Will she come? Why does she tarry?

To one interested in Booth, a baker's dozen, it is safe to wager, had eyes only for Bernhardt and the Redfern gown.

A stranger in Gotham, the writer, like Alice in Wonderland, was lost in bewilderment. Sensing celebrity, but unable to identify it, courage was had at last to sidle up to the one person her eye identified—Rip Van Winkle! Joseph Jefferson was at Booth's right, with the Reception Committee of the Holland brothers, Francis Wilson and others, in line.

Suddenly a veiled apparition swept into the bussing room and stood before Booth. It was topped by a huge black picture hat from which fell a voluminous veil, blurring the features after the manner of modern futurist portraiture. To the end of a long train hung a black cape, completely enveloping the slender figure. With impulsive forward thrust of a pair of long, wrinkled, soiled suede gloves, the cape parted to reveal a navy blue white polka-dotted challis wrapper.

It was Bernhardt.

Grasping the tragedian's hand, she spoke English—but not for long. The words she wanted would not come fast enough, and into French melted la voix d'or. Booth's wondrous eyes, with the steady glow of vestal lamps, looked down upon her. He divined rather than followed the content of her speech—eulogy of his Hamlet and her life-long dream to play the rôle. "Twelve years ago I sent you my picture. Did you receive it?"

"Yes, madame," said Booth. "You'll find it in the cabinet," and he waved his graceful hand to the passage leading to the grill room, flanked then on either side with safeguarded relics.

Bernhardt was pleased as a child. Away she floated on the arm of the old French doctor, who attended her to his end, in quest of the picture. Floated in the polka-dotted wrapper as only a Bernhardt could and get away with it! At her heels went the writer.

The photograph located, it was taken from the cabinet for her identification.

In high spirits she went back to Booth.

"When I go home to Paris," she told him, "a great French artist will paint my portrait, and I will send it to The Players."

Lieutenant Gerald Kelly, a charming, gracious personality, was apparently on speaking terms with every celebrity or near-celebrity. Learning that the writer, guest of a bachelor member, was commissioned by Colonel John Cockerell to chronicle the day's doings, he came to the tenderfoot's rescue. It was not until the ground floor was reached at the eleventh hour, however, that the "beat" here printed for the first time was landed. In a corner near the coat room doors Bernhardt's doctor. (A kingdom to recall his name!) Lieutenant Kelly introduced him and left us à deux over belated ices. The doctor bristled with discontent. "You'd know why Mme. Bernhardt did not wear the gown?" he said. "I tell you. This afternoon I drive in a hansom to the Hoffman House, the madame's hotel, as was arranged some days ago. It is long past the hour and I find her seated at lunch in her apartment. She was not in grande toilette. 'Why not ready?' I ask. 'You will be so late.' 'For what?' she say.

" 'The reception at The Players. Don't you know the great Mr. Booth and tout le monde precieux are there this afternoon to receive you?'

" 'Va, t'en, mon cher docteur,' she cry. 'I go to no reception this day. It's too much. I sail tomorrow at 4 A. M. My trunks are at the wharf. I have nothing to wear.'

"Figurez-vous, Mam'selle, la situation. I plead, argue, cajole; I remind her of the esteem she bear the great tragedian. The debt she owe the American public that make her so much money. The insult she offers the profession of the stage. La, la, how I did talk! And with every word, because she know I speak true, her temper rise until she is beside herself at my persistency. Seeing I was not to be cowed by her tragic tantrums, she rolled up her napkin so"—he kneaded his handkerchief into a hard ball—"and threw it at me across the table. She snatched up a hat and thrust her head into it, grabbed gloves and wrap you see her wear, 'I'm ready,' she screamed. 'Come!'

"Voila tout."

THE MAKINGS OF MAX REINHARDT

From Gallery God in Vienna to Assembler of All the Arts in the Theatre That Rivals Grand Opera

By HERMANN BAHR

Author of "The Concert," produced by Belasco in October, 1910, and many other plays.

IT was Max Reinhardt who ended for this generation in Germany the sway of the literary play. He made the theatre, which, for a time, had become the exclusive domain of the art of speaking, once more the common property of all the arts. In this he is a direct follower of Richard Wagner, because each one of his productions is a "gesamtkunstwerk" (the joint work of all the arts). He has fought the tyranny of the mere word, and prevailed. The theatre is no longer simply the intellectual enjoyment of the "elect"; it appeals to all the senses because it calls into action all the powers inherent in man. "The Miracle," which New York is just seeing, may be called "grand pantomime" after the operatic example.

I have known Max Reinhardt ever since he began his career in Berlin—some twenty years. I have been with him in various and changing relationships, so that I have been able to see him from different sides and in different lights. I was already well known and he just beginning to be known when we first met. I was a dramatic critic at that time. Afterward, he produced some of my plays and I watched him staging them. Later on, he engaged me for a time to stage a few productions. And once we even worked together on the same production. One Summer we spent four weeks together in Venice. We lay for hours on the hot sand of the Lido, and while the waves surged on the shore beside us he staged for me the whole play of "Julius Caesar" with little hails of sand.

Reinhardt is a man of tremendous unity of purpose. At the first glance he seems to be a born impressionist, receptive of every sensation, absorbing everything greedily, inhaling every stimulating breath, but also assimilating it with every fibre of his being, till the fleeting impression is transformed into his own expression. He listens to every one. No one could be a better listener. But he himself is a silent man. He hardly ever contradicts because he has no need to be on the defensive, so firm and strong are his inward convictions as to the message he has to deliver. He can go into any venture calmly because he knows that he will always find his way back to himself with new courage. He winds his way upward in a great spiral, as it were, as sure and confident of himself as a somnambulist.

The first theatre he had when he began his career somewhat resembled a cabaret. Later it was a circus. Then he played in the open in a great public square before masses of people. And finally it was in a Roman Catholic church, one of the most beautiful baroque churches in the world. But in cabaret or circus, in public square or church, he is always the same, the kindly nature with the magic gift of being able to see the hidden meaning behind appearances.

Vienna, the spiritual cradle of this impressionist, is a true theatre city. The delight in dancing and mirth is bred and born in the Austrian. For generations the Austrian peasant has been accustomed to some form of acting. Even the native dance, the "schuhplattler," and the doggerel verse, the "schnadahüpfl," already contain a kernel of the drama. The Church soon took advantage of this inborn love for the theatre, and the result was the Church plays, mimic representations of religious stories, as, for example, "The Birth of Christ," "The Three Kings," "Lazarus and the Rich Man." The Benedictine monks made use of this old custom in the schools, and, on feast days and holidays, tragedies by Seneca were performed in Latin by the pupils before the assembled teachers and the proud and happy parents.

The Jesuits pushed this tradition still further and developed it into something really imposing. The result was the baroque theatre, which had in no sense a private character. It was actually a state affair, a public dramatic festival in honor of the Emperor, given by the highest clergy and nobility. On this occasion every one—author, architect, painter, actor, lighting mechanic, master of fireworks, dancer, singer, clown—competed in friendly rivalry to show his art to the best advantage. The performances took place out of doors on a stage erected in the largest square of the city. And the whole population, young and old, rich and poor, men and women, were invited to be present.

In the seventeenth century these performances became more and more important, to the grief and vexation of the Minister of Finance, because they cost enormous sums of money. For instance, a single performance for the Emperor Carl VI. ran to the stately figure of 60,000 gulders. Three Hapsburg Emperors—Ferdinand III., Joseph I. and Carl VI., all three passionate musicians also—were so fervently devoted to the theatre that they sometimes seemed to forget the less diverting duties of governing. These were the great times of the theatre, the times when it was not merely an amusement house but held almost the same proud position of the theatre in Athens at the time of Pericles. In other words, it was a state affair. In any case, it was something that the whole people—the finest courtier as well as the merest vagabond—considered of greater interest than anything else. And these great times, although long since departed, are still alive today, deep down in the secret heart of every Viennese man and woman.

Theatregoing is, for the Viennese, not merely an amusement, a way of passing the time. It is the centre around which their intellectual life revolves. And even to the most frivolous Viennese, who is never serious about anything, the theatre is holy ground.

What Olympia was to Greece, what the circus was to Imperial Rome, what the court life was to the France of Louis XIV., that was what the Burg Theater meant to Vienna until about thirty years ago. To obtain a seat at a performance the young people would betake themselves to the theatre at 4 o'clock every afternoon, where they would wait, packed like sardines, until the doors to their paradise were at last opened. The stairs were disposed of breathlessly, three steps at a time, in order to get a "good" place in the gallery, that is, a little corner where, in a precarious position, hanging forward rather than standing, they could snatch a slanting view of the performance.

They knew the plays almost by heart, and when one of the lesser parts was given to a newcomer excitement was at fever heat for days before. For every spectator had the exact intonation in his ear with which each single word had always been spoken, and woe to the new impersonator if the smallest point missed its expected effect! Bloody and bitter battles were often fought in the Olympus of the Burg Theater. Among the "gods" in the gallery of the Burg Theater in the '90s of the last century was a poor Austrian who had just come to Vienna in search of luck. His name was Max Reinhardt.

At that time Vienna was still so much of a theatre city that, among others, it had a theatre that did not live on the kind patrons who went to the theatre to see, but on the actors who wished to be seen. This theatre was in one of the suburbs, and its manager not only gave his actors no salaries but let them pay him for graciously permitting them to play. Each rôle had its own price. And in this theatre Max Reinhardt played his first part. Schiller's "The Robbers" was the play. The manager demanded cash down, and all the money the young Austrian could command was just enough to buy him the rôle of gave himself up to the theatre, body and soul.

At first he had no luck. Then he got an engagement in Salzburg for small rôles. Salzburg at that time was a quiet little provincial town that went to sleep for the Winter and only wakened up for Summer and tourists. With the latter, by chance, came Otto Brahm, at that time at the height of his fame. Fifteen years before, he had started in Berlin as a journalist and had fought bravely for Ibsen. In 1889, following the example of Antoine in Paris, he had founded the Freie Bühne and was the first to fight for Gerhart Hauptmann. Then, in 1895, he had taken over the management of the Deutsches Theater in Berlin.

Max Reinhardt.

Drawn by Emil Orlik.

So here was Brahm in Salzburg, and since it was raining, as it generally does in Salzburg, he let himself be persuaded by some friends, out of pure boredom, to go to the theatre to see a much-lauded "star" hero about whom the whole town was raving. After the first scene he had already had enough of the star, but something in the bearing of one of the young actors, cast for a very small rôle caught his attention. The young man was awkward and embarrassed and seemed not yet to be able either to walk or stand on the stage. Yet there was something characteristic and individual about him that pleased Brahm. He sent for the young actor the next day, and engaged him on the spot for the Deutsches Theater in Berlin, never suspecting that the young man would soon be his most dangerous rival and, in fact, would be his successor in the management of the Deutsches Theater. For this awkward young actor of small unimportant parts was none other than Max Reinhardt, now director of the Salzburg Festival Theater and master of the Castle of Leopoldskron.

Reinhardt brought with him to Berlin, at that time a new theatre city, something that it lacked. For the Berlin to which he came was no longer the Berlin that Bismarck knew, that felt itself content and secure in its old Prussian traditions and its past. Still less was it the romantic Berlin of E. T. A. Hoffmann. No. It was an entirely new Berlin, a city that had shot up over night and was being impelled forward, ever forward, with a consuming impatience something like Reinhardt's own.

In those days when, of an evening, a few Berliners foregathered to have a good time together, they were hardly seated before they were asking: "Well, what shall we do now?" It actually seemed as if the entertainment of the evening consisted in dropping into a different café every half hour on an average to discuss the vital question: "Where shall we go from here?" Evidently a real thrill was induced by every change of café. And it was the same way in intellectual matters. If you had seated a Berliner of those days at the altar of any new art, after five minutes he would say: "Well, what shall we do? Where shall we go from here?" And during the twenty years of his sojourn in Berlin Reinhardt was always ready with a prompt answer to this perpetual question.

To begin with, Reinhardt made Berlin into a theatre city again. Not that it had never been so before: it had been, in the time of Iffland. Those were the days when the Hamburg Theater, the Berlin Schauspielhaus and the Vienna Burg Theater vied with each other in importance, in giving the stamp of style and in influence that reached beyond the merely artistic to the moral fibre of the nation. Then came fifty years during which all the talent and all the interest of Berlin became more and more absorbed by politics, and only after the German Empire was completed in the form Bismarck had shaped for it did the Germans gradually remember the duties they owed to art. It was to a moment of such artistic self-introspection that the Deutsches Theater in Berlin owed its being.

The Deutsches Theater was founded in 1884, for national reasons, with perhaps a somewhat jealous glance at the Comédie Française and the Burg Theater. Berlin wished to show that what Paris and Vienna could do she also could do. And by founding the Deutsches Theater she wished to give herself the stamp of legitimacy, so to speak, as the cultural capital of Germany. She forgot, however, that theatres cannot be raised at the word of command, that they must grow gradually, that they need a fine tradition. In Berlin, not only did the theatre lack such a deeply rooted tradition but, above all, it was lacking in the public. In fact, it can be said quite truly that "Berlin lacked a public." A heterogeneous mass of people gathered together in a theatre by chance is not a public. For the actors of the Deutsches Theater of those days the task was made doubly hard, for they had to create for themselves a new public every night.

It might be true to say that Reinhardt's greatest achievement consists in creating a Berlin public. Through that, the theatre, in the highest sense of the word, was made possible again in Berlin. His most beautiful stage settings would not have made half the impression they did if he had not first of all, "staged" a real audience. All truly creative men of the theatre have always held that the theatre does not consist exclusively of authors and actors, but that it can do its work only if and when the audience plays, too. Schröder, in Hamburg, Goethe in Weimar, Iffland in Berlin, Schreyvogel, Laube, Dingelstedt, and finally Burckhard and Mahler in Vienna were not only trainers of their actors; they were also the greatest trainers of their audiences. They created the audience they needed, made of it an instrument so sensitive that they knew they could use it as well as their actors, to give full expression to their art. Therein lies the secret of Reinhardt's phenomenal influence in Berlin, his almost magic power over

(Continued on Page 14)

EMPEROR WILLIAM THE VAINGLORIOUS

The Court Marshal of the One-Time All Highest Publishes His Notes

By T. R. YBARRA

IN the years when William Hohenzollern was at the crest of his arrogance and power there was a "chiel takin' notes" at the German imperial court. His name was Count Robert Zedlitz-Trützschler and he held the important post of Court Marshal, which brought him into constant and close contact with the monarch. Day after day, when his duties were over, Count Robert would jot down thoughts—mostly uncomplimentary—about William; he would record his haunting fear that the German ruler's impulsiveness, vanity and dislike for listening to the truth were destined to bring disaster to his realm.

Years after he has made the last entry in this running chronicle, Count Robert found that he could claim to be a prophet among prophets, for Imperial Germany lay in ruins, her erstwhile arrogant overlord was a cowering fugitive in a foreign land, the palaces which housed him and all his train of Court Marshals and lesser courtiers stood gaunt and empty, bereft of all the pomp which William Hohenzollern loved above all things in the world.

For some time, however, the Count refrained from crowing "I told you so!" He kept his notes secret. Then, unable to resist temptation any longer, he published at Berlin a few weeks ago, under the title of "Twelve Years at the Imperial German Court," the series of notes which he had kept during his long service as a leading member of William's entourage. They created a sensation in Germany, for they were as remarkable a piece of prophecy, as damning an indictment of the last of the Hohenzollerns, as had come out of that defeated and desperate land.

What is more, the publication had serious consequences for Count Robert. Not only did it make him one of the most talked of men in Germany, but it infuriated his conventional, monarchically inclined kinsmen to such a pitch that a few days ago he was formally read out of the Zedlitz - Trützschler family. The eldest member of that family, Baron Eberhard von Zedlitz und Neukirch, made public a statement declaring Count Robert's book "an unworthy attack by an officer of the old imperial defense forces on the former war lord."

The former Court Marshal takes care to point out that his notes were indeed jotted down years ago, while he was serving at the imperial court of the Hohenzollerns; that they have nothing about them of ex post facto wisdom.

Unlike other chroniclers of William's reign, the Count declares that William wielded well nigh despotic power, that those about him were but too prone to bow to his commands instead of fighting for their own opinions. In the preface to his work—which must have done as much as any other part to get the author read out of his family—the former Court Marshal writes:

"As a matter of fact, his power was such as only few rulers in history ever wielded. The advantages of such centralization might be seen in the tremendous progress made by Germany within a few decades, but its disadvantages were such as to lead us sooner or later to a catastrophe. * * *

"The life of a man in such a high position unfortunately implies that everything is made more or less smooth for him; that what a common mortal must learn by overcoming many obstacles remains, for him, unknown. To this must be laid the Kaiser's lack of knowledge of the world and incapacity to judge men correctly, his obstinacy, his remarkable vanity, his tendency to lend ear to clever flatterers, his quality of remaining always a child in many ways.

"There is a tendency nowadays to underestimate the Kaiser's mental qualities. His was without doubt a dazzling personality, which fascinated all who came near him. * * * As a result, important men, who had struggled upward by dint of the most strenuous efforts, left him with the feeling that they had been received in audience by a prophet, a superman. * * * Afterward, however, when they sought to tell the Kaiser the truth they met with total incomprehension on his part. * * *

"Whosoever described to him things as they were—in other words, whoever told him the truth—fell into the bad graces of the Emperor and was avoided by him. Every man who honestly tried to tell him the truth failed. Now, when so mighty a man is unwilling to listen to the truth, it is impossible to tell it to him — as Bismarck once remarked, William wished every day to be Sunday. * * * The awful consequence of this state of affairs was that, in the long run, even the best men failed to influence him."

Bitter indeed is Count Robert's description of how William Hohenzollern's advisers bowed to his autocratic will. Hardly one of them, he recounts, dared contradict him; they even showed pride in proving themselves no more than obedient servants of their Emperor. Count Bülow, one of the ablest of William's Chancellors, was no exception, for did he not say on one occasion in the Reichstag:

"I stand here at the command of my Most Exalted Lord and I will conduct these matters according to his wishes so long as I enjoy his confidence and receive his orders."

Which leads Count Robert to sneer:

"That is the way a sergeant should talk when he has been told to defend a position, but it is unworthy of the most responsible official of an empire!" And he adds, in his bitterness:

"We Germans have a streak of slavish subservience, which is why fate has imposed upon us a slave's lot!"

Count Zedlitz-Trützschler's service as Court Marshal lasted from 1908 to 1910, before which he had five years' experience running the household of Prince Joachim Albrecht, a member of the Prussian royal family. Hardly had he assumed his duties at the Imperial Court before he began to jot down uncomplimentary remarks about Emperor William and those about him. To those who think of the German pre-war army as a piece of wonderful machinery, functioning with never a hitch, the following will seem startling:

"When imperial manoeuvres are held, three entirely contradictory commands, on an average, are given to the troops every night, yet nobody dares say that this causes trouble, upsets important plans, causes enormously long marches and shortage of commissariat supplies. When it comes to fighting, modern demands are ignored—the only thing aimed at is to provide pretty pictures of war. There is no attempt at preparation by fire, staffs ride squarely into the firing line, likewise artillery, and cavalry emerges unscathed from attacks as if we were still armed with flint-lock muskets.

"All these things are noticed by many, but nobody dares say a word about them. That is especially true of Count Schlieffen, Chief of the General Staff. And, whereas there is nobody to utter one word of criticism, there are plenty of men in high places, even in the highest, who assure his Majesty how interesting, instructive and splendid everything has been. Is it to be wondered at that, under such circumstances, even in the case of an exceedingly well-endowed mind, false ideas arise, and, most especially, a feeling of unlimited power, from which emanate commands like the one given by Louis XIV. of France, 'because such is my pleasure!'"

There was apparently no limit to the arrogant belief of the Kaiser in his immeasurable superiority over the rest of mankind. On one occasion, in fact, he actually remarked:

"All that is necessary is that my subjects do what I tell them! Instead, though, they always wish to think for themselves, and that is the cause of all our troubles!" This and other similar outbursts of arrogant pride led Count Robert to remark:

"Sometimes one is forced to believe that the Empress Frederick was not so far wrong when she said, during the period of her most serious quarrels with her son, 'Never believe that my son ever does anything except from motives of vanity!'"

According to Count Robert, the Kaiser never really read an opposition newspaper carefully, confining his newspaper reading almost entirely to the clippings sent him regularly from the Berlin Foreign Office. In this way it was easy for the officials there to influence him and show him only what they thought would serve their own ends; in fact, the Count says, he often noticed that, soon after certain newspaper articles had been brought to the Kaiser's attention, a line of foreign policy, analogous to those articles, was adopted by the men at the head of Germany's foreign affairs.

"Allowing Him a Breath, a Little Scene,
To Monarchize, Be Feared and Kill With Looks." —*King Richard II.*

Count Robert was strongly opposed to Germany's program for strengthening her navy, deeming it an unnecessary defiance to other European nations, especially Great Britain. In what he says about German naval ambitions—which, as is well known, found the highest favor with William Hohenzollern — the Count's uncanny prescience becomes especially evident. In the Spring of 1907 he jotted down these notes:

"Why, after all, is it so necessary to increase our navy so greatly? People will answer that it is being done in order to protect and increase our commerce. But I ask: Holland has no commerce to protect, and has she not increased her commerce without the aid of a great navy?

"The consequences of the naval program upon which we are now launched is that we are making the whole world watchful, distrustful and jealous of us. England, especially, feels herself, not without justification, to be threatened, since we are building warships at a pace which should, in a measure, make us as strong on the sea as the English. The consequence of this is that England is increasing her naval strength and, since her resources in this direction are greater than ours, it is to be assumed that she will always have a naval superiority over us. Why, then, all these enormous expenses, all this stirring up of worry, distrust and jealousy by our foreign policy? * * * The entire matter of our naval development seems to me artificial and unnatural; instead of being beneficial, it is by no means without danger to us."

Soon the English, alarmed at Germany's naval activity, increased their North Sea fleet. This worried Count Robert, but did not shake his belief that Germany was herself to blame for England's action.

"It is we Germans who have adopted the most provocative attitude in the armament race on land and sea," he writes. And, while still on this burning subject, he recalled how Emperor William often told this story: When he met King Edward VII. on one occasion, Sir Charles Harding, who accompanied the English ruler, made the direct request that the German Emperor agree to a limitation of Germany's program of naval increase, whereupon William, according to his unvarying version of the episode, replied: "A request by England that Germany limit her naval activity would mean war, and England can bring about that war at once if she desires. In any event, the development of the German Navy is a matter based exclusively on German points of view, in which the interference of any other nation cannot be tolerated."

In the meantime, the Kaiser grew constantly more vain, unreasonable and despotic. Once, when he felt depressed, a courtier remarked that the reason for this was a little cold from which he was suffering, whereupon William looked at the courtier severely and said: "It is a big cold—everything about me is big!" All those around him continued to bow slavishly to his wishes—Chancellor von Bülow, Albert Ballin and the rest. The only Minister of State who conducted himself in a manner worthy of his high position, remarks Count Robert, was Herr Bethmann—he who was destined to be Germany's Chancellor in the World War. As for others, they were far too subservient to their imperial master. This angered Count Robert so greatly that he remarked once to another high official at the imperial court: "It is really remarkable that the Kaiser must have everywhere a man who deceives him!" This speech was reported to Count Eulenburg, Head Marshal of the imperial court, who, instead of getting angry, laughed heartily, and said: "The significance of those words can be understood only by one well acquainted with the state of affairs here."

Shortly before the outbreak of the World War Count Robert accompanied the Kaiser to a performance at Berlin of Shakespeare's "Richard II.," which quite failed to please William, his wife, the Crown Prince and others with him. This led the Court Marshal to jot down these words:

"I got the impression that they were unable to stand the simple, though at times rather brutal, truths of the great Shakespeare. Even to this day his men are real men, but here there is no desire to know anything about real men, for which reason those of Shakespeare appear unsympathetic to us. We care nothing about their passions and go so far as to find Shakespeare, as a whole, unnatural and unsuitable. Among us Germans, Shakespeare arouses nothing but opposition and we seek consolation by maintaining that all his plays no longer apply to our times and that much in them is ridiculous. But I am convinced that one could scarcely find another play in which there was so much that was applicable to present-day conditions among us as there is in 'Richard II.'

"Yet to all who think that anything is to be accomplished here by speaking the truth I say: 'Abandon all hope!' Nothing but bitter experiences and disillusionments can have any effect upon us; the utterances of poets are fruitless."

THE WORLD OF ART: *Recent Books on Artists and Art*

"Canal, Carcassone." By Arthur B. Davies.

On Exhibition at the Weyhe Galleries.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ, writing about American artists, has brought together between durable covers many occasional papers that already in substance have given pleasure to a large number of readers and stood the severe test of presenting the author's ideas clearly to a newspaper public. There is no public in the world so exacting, so knowing, so critical, so worth while. No public so quick on the one hand to discern arrogance of spirit or narrowness of view, so prompt on the other hand to appreciate the courage involved in laying one's cards on the table and standing by one's convictions. After facing this formidable public that of the bound book and library table can have no terrors.

The present volume, ("American Artists," by Royal Cortissoz, Charles Scribner's Sons), for the most part concerns old friends—Thayer, Dewing, Brush, Fuller, Eakins, Abbey, Ryder, Millet, Stanford White, Duveneck, Blakelock, Homer, Luks, Twachtman, Robinson, Hassam, Metcalf, Murphy, Bellows—many men of many minds, indeed, and, perhaps for balance, two women, one not American, Mary Cassatt, and Berthe Morisot. All are established, none on trial, no necessity for special pleading, a thoroughly comfortable party of public spirits with whom intercourse is bound to be rewarding.

It is one of the pleasant things about this collection of papers that we are allowed a certain degree of direct intercourse with their subjects. And we are given a number of expressive thumb-box portraits of personalities. This of Duveneck on the occasion of a talk by Chase on Whistler: "Duveneck was there, and after the lecture he sat with Chase and some other artists to discuss the subject over a mug of beer. But Duveneck, who had heaps to say about Whistler if ever a man had, said next to nothing. He was content to listen, a large, rather heavy man with a kindly smile, a twinkle in his eye and impenetrable reserve. He knew all about that past into which Chase had been dipping." This is better than reams about Duveneck's work, which speaks for itself and lives to speak after the kindly smile and twinkling eye are things remembered.

Among his personal rememberings Mr. Cortissoz wanders with a charming almost boyish zest. He has seen many a Shelley plain and many have stopped to speak with him. Eagle's feathers are all over some of these happy pages. He knew Abbey, gay and likable: "You felt in him honesty and force, and you could see just how his sterling nature poured itself into his work." He thinks of Stanford White as a bright flame, "a flame at which those who were his friends warmed their hands and their hearts." He had "a memorable talk with him once about the cornice of the Tiffany Building, one of the most severely beautiful things he ever did; but presently we branched away from that to his cornice on the Gorham Building, his success in a totally different vein, and before we got through White was going into dithyrambs over the old farm buildings of France, rising to a climax with the famous Manoir d'Ango." You can feel how that talk was warming and revealing to the traveler. Then there is the bit about McKim and the American Academy in Rome. Mr. Cortissoz was in McKim's office in his youth, and at one later day he and another McKim man foregathering in Rome heard that McKim was coming down to Rome, and the two determined to take charge of him. They took him to the Villa Doria Pamphili, with which they were both in love, and the setting provided by nature was all that it should be, a miraculous day in Spring, sky, trees, turf, shrubs, flowers all perfect. A great white peacock on the parapet above the grottoed fountain: "McKim sat down on the edge of the fountain, looked about and fell into a reverie. He came out of it in a moment and, turning to me, he murmured: 'How beautiful it all is; how beautiful it all is!' It was out of that emotion, I venture to assert, that he developed the idea of the American Academy. It set him to thinking of what young artists from America might perhaps accomplish if they in their turn could be initiated into the beauty of Rome."

The idea of beauty is always with the author, but it floats a little vaguely through the opulent text. He can see Dewing's ideal of beauty, feel Twachtman's "passion for beauty," but he fails to find beauty in the technic of Luks, and as for Bellows "apparently he is dedicated too whole-heartedly to the depiction of what is prosaic in life to care a straw about what is poetic, what is beautiful." Yet to both these masters the prosaic is merely a chance to make beauty. If an artist finds beauty ready-made and rejoices in it, picks it up, adds to it, remakes it, he does what will bring him a double reward, that of recognition from the public which sees only what he has had to do with, and from the more limited public which sees also what he has done with it. But the artist who, filled with the spirit of adventure, takes what he meets on his long journey and joyously conquers its apparent ugliness with his weapons of art, finds beauty everywhere as everywhere it is, and shows the public how to find it, is apt to wait a good while for his recognition. For George Bellows, for example, a prizefight is very much what the battle of nude men was for Mantegna, a chance to show exhilarating rhythms, a splendid complicated patchwork of related shapes, light in darkness, swords of direction playing through the composition. To us it has to be a prizefight, and however unconscious we may be that it is the subject that repels us it probably is the subject.

There are minor passages in the book that will be as welcome as anything to the reader dating back to the '90s. There are the pages devoted to James Wall Finn. Many an old New Yorker will be glad to learn that Finn among his other activities did the lively masque of Flora which was the decoration for the dining room of the Knickerbocker Hotel. The present writer recalls naively and stupidly asking a page boy in the hotel if he knew who painted that charming Flora with her coming-on glance. "Oh! some feller that paints," he replied, and he was perfectly right. It was indeed the work of a feller that painted. But surely there should be more general knowledge about the men who do the decorations for our hotels and restaurants. Oscar made no better sauce for a meal than Finn, and it is pleasant to hear of him.

Several pages given to Frederic Remington are based upon the sure foundation of the statement at the outset that there are "artists from whose subtlest touch the 'savor' of subject is inseparable." There certainly are. Mr. Cortissoz makes an entertaining story of it with Remington coming out as something a hero of the plains. Artistically he seems to loom a bit large for true perspective. It is almost impossible, however, to be wholly successful with your perspective when you separate this kind of material from its special occasion and intention. It is probably wisest to let each comment take its chance by itself without attempting to make too close a relation.

* * *

Margery Ryerson has compiled a collection of notes, articles, fragments of letters and talks to students by Robert Henri. This, perhaps, is the best way for an artist to approach the public. When he tries of intention to make his meaning clear for those who only in part understand his language, the result is apt to be either confusion or a much diluted product. It is only when he is trying to make his meaning clear for those who are following his own path and listening eagerly for clear guidance as to the way, as to the goal, as to what they shall encounter of peril and privilege, as to all that concerns themselves and their personal adventure, it is only when he is talking to these listeners that he uses direct words or speaks in parables that illuminate and illustrate his thought. Margery Ryerson has done an intelligent and real service for a public that thinks itself interested in art and knows nothing at all of the artist's mind.

Henri, too, is an artist whose mind is hospitable to those who care at all seriously to know it in some degree. And he is not a partisan of the painter's or sculptor's medium. At the outset the right note is struck. "Art when really understood," he says, "is the province of every human being. It is simply a question of doing things, anything, well. It is not an outside, extra thing. When the artist is alive in any person, whatever his kind of work may be, he becomes an inventive, searching, daring, self-expressing creature. He becomes interesting to other people. He disturbs, upsets, enlightens and he opens ways for a better understanding. Where those who are not artists are trying to close the book, he opens it, shows there are still more pages possible—he does not have to be a painter or sculptor to be an artist. He can work in any medium. He simply has to find the gain in the work itself, not outside it."

Leonardo, the painter of pictures, is so well known in these recent years of expertize and disputation that there is some danger of forgetting Leonardo the thinker. He did this special thing technically so well that there is danger of forgetting the extraordinary mental equipment back of his technical skill, the common source of all that he did; the mental resolution of all experience that came within his personal scope or under his observation; his independent first-hand thinking. Whatever he did was the product of thought. Probably there was never an artist who was less at the mercy of impulse or less aided by intuition; never one who put theory so consistently to practical test.

The recent publication of a new edition of selections from Leonardo's notebooks by the Empire State Book Company is particularly timely, following the lively and, on the whole, profitable discussion of "La Belle Ferronière," in the Louvre, and the American picture for which Leonardo's authorship has been claimed. The selections from the notebooks have been made and arranged by Edward McCurdy, who has used Dr. Richter's monumental edition and the editions since published of the manuscripts at Paris, Milan and Windsor, but who has worked also from the original at the British Museum and at South Kensington. The result is an illuminative and interesting volume, the form and moderate price of which make it available for wide distribution to a public unable to specialize, travel and acquire at the necessary great expense of time and money.

The editor has tried to exclude all the material in the manuscripts that was taken by the artist from books he had read, such as the notes on armor and methods of warfare derived from Roberto Valturio's work and the entertaining extracts from early bestiaries; also such notes as related to household accounts, commissions, &c., and the memoranda of scientific or mathematical processes. The passages included are merely of philosophical, artistic or literary interest; but these are in themselves sufficient to show the amazing man from a variety of angles.

They show him most vividly in his reconcilement of theory and practice. To be at once theoretic and practical always has been the final stamp of genius, and with Leonardo the combination of the two standpoints results in observations of startling simplicity, behind which lies an inexhaustible wealth of thought. The editor in his introduction quotes as one of the most striking instances of the artist's practical treatment of an abstract theme a passage to be found only in the recension of the "Treatise on Painting" in the Vatican. "Leonardo there sums up," he

"Girl's Head." By Maurice Sterne.

In Exhibition of the New Society of Artists at the Anderson Galleries.

says, "tritely and profoundly" what should be the painter's purpose: a good painter has two chief objects to paint, man and the intention of his soul, the former easy and the latter hard, after which follows the eminently reasonable, if perhaps unexpected, explanation, 'because he has to represent it by the attitudes and movements of the limbs'; and the knowledge of these, he proceeds to say, should be acquired by observing the dumb, because their movements are more natural than those of any other class of persons. This very practical direction how to approach toward the realization of an apparently abstract aim is entirely characteristic of his intention. The supreme misfortune, he says, is when theory outstrips performance."

The phrase "tritely and profoundly" expresses precisely the character of Leonardo's writings. They are simple with the simplicity of a mind concentrated upon the clear statement of thought. Phrasemaking is impossible to one who accepts the familiar word or phrase as hospitably as the freshly coined so long as the meaning is there, and the meaning has generally to do with practical application of ideas.

Eugene Müntz, however, in his ambitious discussion of Leonardo as artist, thinker and scholar, draws a rather touching picture of the discomfort he suffered on account of his insufficient education and essentially unliterary tendency. Completely and unashamedly aware of his manifold gifts and abilities, he was equally conscious of his shortcomings, and, although he blazed away with the warm temper of his race at those who despised him for his indifference to letters and ignorance of history, he endeavored to fill up the holes in his early education by applying himself in his ripe age to the study of Latin and the humanities in general, succeeding so well that, beginning with the rudiments of Latin, when he was over 30, he was able in later life to write a correct letter in that language of polite diplomacy and also to compose verses in macaronic Latin. His library, small and varied, contained works of pure literature.

But his contempt for a mental activity resulting only in words was unbounded. Words and writings resolve into nothingness. Thoughts embodied in works of art or in other practical inventions, he said, live on and carry the name of their creator far down the ages. And, "since experience has been the mistress of whoever has written well, I take her as my mistress and to her in all points make my appeal. A man who disputes and appeals to authority does not use his judgment but his memory." Recommending himself to Ludovico Sforza, one of the Renaissance Princes whose love of music and the arts is forever set in history against the record of his cruel deeds, Leonardo dwelt not upon his skill and fame as a painter but mentioned that he could build especially strong and light bridges, convenient to remove and set up; that during a siege he knew how to draw off water from the trenches, make battering rams and scaling ladders; that he knew means of demolishing any kind of fortress, even though built upon a rock; that he made a kind of bombard extremely convenient and easy to transport and capable of throwing stone in a perfect whirlwind; that he could quite noiselessly construct mines and secret winding passages, make covered wagons secure and indestructable, make bombards, mortars and light ordnance of the most beautiful and serviceable forms, quite unlike those in common use; contrive catapults, mangonels and various and endless instruments of defense and offense; that in time of peace he could vie successfully with any in the designing of public and private buildings and in conducting water from one place to another, finally in a casual sentence at the end of the list he added that he could execute in sculpture and likewise also in painting "anything that is at all possible of accomplishment and against any competitor whatever."

The notebooks contain many a passage indicating his attitude toward a mind of single-track type: "We may frankly admit that certain people deceive themselves who apply the title 'a good master' to a painter who can only do the head and figure well. Surely it is not great achievement if by studying one thing only during his whole lifetime he attain to some degree of excellence therein." Upon this theme he freely improvises.

Other passages reveal the extent of the anatomical studies which he pursued by the then difficult and dangerous method of dissecting the human body, and pursued with such intelligence that modern surgeons still give first place to certain of his anatomical drawings. His love of truth finds vigorous expression: "Falsehood is so utterly vile that, though it should praise the great works of God, it offends against His divinity; truth is of such excellence that if it praise the meanest things they become ennobled." His aphorisms are filled with the pungent flavor of personal conviction: "To speak well of a worthless man is like speaking ill of a good man." "He who thinks little makes many mistakes." "Thou, O God, dost sell unto us all good things at the price of labor." "Good literature proceeds from men of natural probity." It is not far wrong to accept this literature of Leonardo's as the best from this point of view that has been given us by an artist.

Surely a man with so passionate a worship of clarity and truth and understanding might be expected to produce works impossible to confuse with those of pupils, imitators or collaborators. Instead, controversy has spun an intricate web about such important compositions as "The Virgin of the Rocks" and also has rested lightly upon many of the drawings. The "Belle Forronnière" itself does not escape, and Dr. Siren, the most convincing and implacable of Leonardo's modern critics, ranges himself with those who let doubts concerning this painting assail them, finding it "something of a disappointment and a puzzle" and going on to say: "We feel that there must be a drawing by the master back of this image, for the characterization is Leonardo-esque, both in its reality and in its hint of something inscrutable in the expression. But the painting, as painting, is tame and rather heavy and flat in its dull red and brownish-blackish tones, the modeling being quite without life in light and dark. The composition, a half profile to the left, looking outward, without showing the hands and against a dark background, is rather baldly simple, considered in its present condition as a finished painting. The picture belongs, we think, to a pupil of ability—perhaps, as some have thought, to Boltraffio."

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The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts announces that its one hundred and ninetieth annual exhibition will open to the public on Sunday, Feb. 3, 1924, and close Sunday, March 23, 1924. The press view and varnishing day will be Saturday, Feb. 2, from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. The reception and private view will be given on the same evening. The artists' evening will be held Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:30 o'clock. The exhibition will consist of original works by living American artists, in oil painting and sculpture, which have not before been publicly shown in Philadelphia. All works intended for exhibition must be entered and sent to the Academy by Wednesday, Jan. 2, 1924. Works entered from the City of New York may be sent direct to the Academy; may be delivered unpacked to the Academy's agent, W. S. Budworth & Son, 424 West Fifty-second Street, on or before Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1924. American artists in Europe may submit their work to the jury in Philadelphia, and should arrange for forwarding it at their own expense and upon their own responsibility.

The Jury of Selection are: For painting—Gertrude Fiske, Charles W. Hawthorne, Ernest Lawson, Mary Townsend Mason, Hugh H. Breckenridge, Richard E. Miller, Carl J. Nordell, S. Walter Norris, Eugene Speicher, Frederick J. Waugh, Charles H. Woodbury and Charles Morris Young. For sculpture—Carl Paul Jennewein, Charles Grafly and Edward McCartan. The Hanging Committee are Hugh H. Breckenridge, Carl J. Nordell, Charles Grafly and S. Walter Norris. The Academy's Committee on Exhibition is Clement B. Newbold, Chairman.

"Young Girl's Portrait." By Eugene Speicher.

In Exhibition of the New Society of Artists at the Anderson Galleries.

"Duck Hunter." By Randall Davey.

In Exhibition of the New Society of Artists at the Anderson Galleries.

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The New Society of Artists opens its exhibition this week at the Anderson Galleries with an excellent list of artists and with also an interesting program. It is the fifth annual exhibition, and an effort has been made to give it special significance for the public concerned to know what is going on behind the scenes among the painters and sculptors and gravers. On Saturday evening, Jan. 5, at 8:30 o'clock, George Luks is going to paint a portrait before his audience and talk about portrait painting. On the following Saturday evening comes the annual dinner of the society, and on Saturday, Jan. 19, Albert Sterner will draw and discuss drawing. Saturday evening, Jan. 26, Mahonri Young will model a portrait of Joseph Pennell from life and will talk on sculpture. The tickets can be had from Mrs. Mollie Higgins Smith and the price will be $1 for each evening.

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The new Weyhe Galleries are the real right thing, whether they please you or not. The color, decoration and ornament are by artists and represent an artist's idea of what is vital and decorative. The iron work on the outside of the building was designed by Rockwell Kent and has the freedom of his line. H. Varnum Poor, whose ceramics have made their way with the difficult New York public, has made the decorative tiles that form an entertaining checkerboard pattern across the front in reds, blues and yellows that are vivid without crudity. Of course the whole will be better with every hour that mellows it, but even in its rawness it is a delightful contribution to the color and pattern of a city street. It is hard to say why the work of these gifted artists, who have made so many things of distinguished quality, should take on a fresh dignity in combination with architecture. The building itself is restricted by its allotted space and its environment to the usual narrow rectangular type of cities where real estate soars both physically and in the market. Nevertheless it helps its decoration as much as it is helped by it.

The exhibition within is of landscapes and figure drawings by Arthur B. Davies, a few of them pure landscape. They represent a summer spent in the South of France and on the shores of the Mediterranean, and they also represent a change of mind on the part of the artist, a turning toward more direct renderings of the natural world, a simpler vision, a less sophisticated temper of mind.

THE HOUSE OF JAMES MONROE

By DIANA RICE

TWO Italians sat in their junk shop—the shop that had once been the drawing room of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States—eating their lunch of oranges and bread and washing it down with a pale rose-colored liquid.

"Ol' house," said Tony, following the eyes of the visitor toward the time-stained ceiling. "Ver' ol'," he added sympathetically and returned to the business of peeling his large yellow orange with the serious attention all Europeans give to their noonday meal.

But Tony and his junk shop are to be swept out of the small red brick house at Prince and Lafayette Streets where the author of the Monroe Doctrine passed the last days of his life. The panes are to be replaced in the fan-topped front door. The spiders are to be dislodged from the dormer windows on the third floor—windows commanding Lafayette Street and the towers of lower Manhattan. The fluted columns and pilasters are to be repainted. And another one of New York's historic old homes is to be restored to its old-time dignified beauty. This restoration has been planned by the James Monroe Memorial Association as an appropriate observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine and as a fitting monument to the memory of the man who proclaimed it. The association has appealed to the people of America for support in their pious undertaking.

Lonely after the death of his wife, President Monroe left Oak Hill, his Virginia farm—as he used modestly to call it—and came to visit his eldest daughter, Maria, the wife of Samuel L. Gouverneur, then Postmaster of New York. The Gouverneurs had built the house at 63 Prince Street, on property formerly belonging to the Nicholas Bayard estate—a tract originally bounded by the present Broadway, the Bowery, Walker and Prince Streets. But on the death of the elder Bayard much of it passed out of the family's hands, about four hundred lots becoming the property of Philip Livingston. In 1823 Gouverneur bought from Livingston the corner plot at Prince and Lafayette Streets and erected the present dwelling, then considered most palatial.

The Monroe House at the Corner of Prince and Lafayette Streets.

From a Woodcut of the Early Thirties.

Here James Monroe lived for many months with his daughter and son-in-law. Lafayette Street was at that time one of the fashionable residence streets of the city, and here many of New York's wealthy citizens built their houses. A few of these old brownstone fronts with their iron railings and arched doorways are still to be found along the wide thoroughfare. Well toward the top of the street stood the Astor Library with its pleasant reading room, and close by were the stores where ladies in ruffles and crinolines did their shopping. President Monroe shrank from the thought of leaving the friendliness of New York for the solitude of his Southern home. In a letter written about this time he said:

"My ill health continues, consisting of a cough, which annoys me by night and by day, considering my advanced years, and renders the restoration to health very uncertain. In such a state I could not reside on my farm. The solitude would be distressing and its care burdensome. It is the wish of both my daughter and of the entire connection that I should remain here and receive their good offices, which I have decided to do."

So at the age of 72, President Monroe set about the business of finding a suitable home for himself in New York City, and at the time of his death was negotiating for the sale of his place in Virginia and the purchase of land near the Gouverneurs. "I could make no establishment of any kind without the sale of my property in Loudoun (Oak Hill), which I have advertised for sale the eighth of June, and given the necessary power to Mr. Gouverneur and my nephew James. If health will permit I will visit it in the interim and arrange affairs there for that event and my removal here."

But James Monroe never made that visit. He died a few months later on July 4, the second President of the United States to pass away on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

Four years later Samuel Gouverneur sold the hospitable wide-windowed house he had build ten years earlier, and during the past three-quarters of a century it has changed hands some half-dozen times. The house sank into obscurity as the occupants of neighboring dwellings moved uptown. It became the scene of activities remote from the graceful days when Maria Monroe served tea to her own and her father's friends in the high-ceilinged drawing room now abandoned to heaps of junk. Eventually even the names of its former owners were forgotten. Its identity, in fact, was not revealed to the present generation until 1905, when the Women's Auxiliary of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society placed thereon a bronze tablet. Mrs. Charles Scarborough, Chairman of the society, was the person who first learned of the exact location of the house which is now to be converted into one of the city's shrines.

When the job of restoration is finished, it is the plan of the present committee to place in the old house relics, documents and manuscripts relating to the career and life of President Monroe. Not only will the home be a museum for valuable historical data, but it will be used for various activities of national and civic significance. Standing as it does on one of the main routes leading to the east side, where thousands of men, women and children fresh from Europe pass each day, the Monroe House appears to have a strategic importance. Here, accessible and convenient, will be a pleasant place to pass a few hours reviewing an early chapter in our country's history.

James Monroe probably filled more great places in the history of this Government than any other one man. These are set forth on the bronze tablet which is the only mark that now distinguishes the old house from its shabby neighbors: Soldier in the Continental Army, Member of the Continental Congress, American Envoy to Great Britain, France and Spain, Negotiator of the Louisiana Purchase and of the Florida Purchase, Secretary of State, Secretary of War, twice Governor of Virginia, twice President of the United States.

THE MAKINGS OF MAX REINHARDT

(Continued from Page 10)

a city otherwise mockingly superior and with little talent for enthusiasm.

Reinhardt brought with him to Berlin what Berlin needed—an old and firmly rooted tradition, while Berlin gave him in exchange the confidence, the quick pulse, the eager daring, the impatience and love of adventure of a young, selfish city, willing to take any risks. Only in Berlin could it have been possible to do the work of half a century in about fifteen years.

Reinhardt began in the Kleines Theater on Unter den Linden. There never was a smaller theatre; it could hardly even be called a hall. Nevertheless, the whole of Berlin was forthwith declaring that the only right place for plays was a room. A decade later the same Berlin was declaring that real plays were possible only in a circus. Thus perfectly did Reinhardt and Berlin understand each other. It seemed almost as if the one had been waiting for the other.

On his arrival in Berlin, Reinhardt found a style of acting which had developed since the '80s of the last century, as the result of the war waged by naturalistic Young Germany, under the influence of Antoine and his Théâtre Libre in Paris, against the empty, declamatory Court Theatre manner. This development was hastened through playing Ibsen, Arno Hois and Gerhart Hauptmann's first pieces. The main characteristics of the new style were great objectivity, complete subordination of the actor to the author, and a drab, colorless honesty that went so far as to avoid all dramatic effects. Nevertheless, as a cure for the bad tricks of "virtuosity" and for weaning the actors from meaningless posing, this style turned out to be a blessing for the German stage. And if, at bottom, the result was only negative, still, it cannot be denied that it rendered service by sweeping away abuses and thus making a real art of playing possible again. This style, however, had not, in itself, the strength to create a new art of the theatre in response to the continuous and impetuous demand of the public. In naturalistic plays it was able to cover up its weakness, but when it ventured into the province of the classical drama, its impotence at once became apparent.

In the first years of his career, Reinhardt had been entirely a naturalistic actor, but he had too clear an eye, too much imagination, too much inborn longing for movement, change, surprise, to tolerate for any length of time the monotony and drabness of naturalism. Then unexpected help came to him from quite a different quarter: from the young painters. Everywhere, in the Germany of that time, secessions from the academies were taking place, led by the impressionists. But the latter were soon pushed aside by the impetuous demand for a decorative style. In Munich the "Jugend style" and in Vienna the "Wiener Werkstätte" came into being. A riot of youthful brightness took possession of the homes, and this new colorful scheme of interior decoration was, one might say, the prelude to Reinhardt's stage settings.

This knowledge is the secret of Reinhardt's fame. His work may be summed up in these words: Taking over from Brahm the new naturalistic style of the young modern painters, he gained, by this union of the two arts, a wealth, breadth, and depth of expression that equipped him equally well for the Greek drama and for the classical and naturalistic plays. Not only that: He could stage wordless plays, operas, and operettas by the same methods. Thus he had arrived at the same point as the long-forgotten baroque producers of two hundred years ago.

If his work gives the impression of being startling and new, we must not forget that it is in reality the old baroque tradition of two centuries ago come back to life in him, a tradition that sums up in itself the whole art of the Middle Ages. Even in his first decisive Berlin success—the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—he had used, as if in a dream, the baroque tradition, having pressed all the arts into the service of the stage and once more freed the theatre from the tyranny of the spoken word, whose slave it had been for at least a hundred years. For the actor had become more and more a mere speaker of words, and blank verse ruled the German stage.

One might almost say that the theatre was no longer a theatre, that it was not there for seeing, but only for hearing words, for listening to the recitation of verses apportioned among different rôles. For this the actor had to thank the so-called "regular play," which appeared soon after the demise of the baroque theatre. Contrary to the baroque play, this "regular play" was not one which grew organically out of all the arts and their friendly rivalry. It was, rather, the work of the author alone, the outcome of his poetic conception, entrusted solely to the vehicle of the writer: the spoken word. Briefly, a spoken work. The healthy instinct of the people had always secretly rebelled against the sway of blank verse and the spoken work. And for that reason the people were hardly ever to be seen in the bourgeois theatres, which gradually became more and more exclusive and finally were considered the special property of the "intellectuals" and "high-brows."

SCOTTI'S QUARTER CENTURY OF OPERA

(Continued from Page 5)

accepted immediately and wired to Puccini that I would not play Scarpia for him. He was deeply hurt by my brusque message, and the coolness between us was not explained away until two years later, in Paris, where I sang Scarpia with both Puccini and Sardou in front.

"And that is how I came to America in 1909 and made all my warm friends here and missed being the first Scarpia of all!"

There is one thing, over here, which Signor Scotti frankly admits that he hates. "It is what you journalists call 'the personal touch' in interviews! Such questions as they ask! Principally about my being engaged. In twenty-five years I have never ceased to be 'engaged,' according to the American papers; but you see I am not married yet. Please let us have no 'personal touch' in this interview, considering that it is only my twenty-five years of professional work here that I am celebrating."

So I will not betray Signor Scotti with more "personal touch" than to say that although he lives in big hotels, he carries a little "home around with him, made up of personal things—pictures and treasures of his own, many of them of great intrinsic value, many very simple. Foremost among them are the portraits of his mother (to whom he bears a striking resemblance) and his father, and the quaintest picture, to modern eyes, of his grandmother.

There is another entire picture gallery shut away in a portfolio, consisting of many photographs of Scotti in his various roles. It seems almost incredible that they can be of the same man—for his range of facial expression is marvelous. Many of these pictures were taken without make-up of any kind. Scotti can assume the features of any of his stage characters on demand, sitting in an easy chair in his own drawing room, in his own twentieth-century clothes.

"I have never considered myself an a singer only," he explains. "I am also an actor. Acting is quite as essential to an operatic artist as a voice. I like to sing, but I must act at the same time. That is why I have always remained in opera and avoided the concert platform. To stand up in a concert hall and turn myself on like a gramophone and just sing—no! I have refused a lot of money for concert-work, but—" He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

This aversion, now that the Metropolitan no longer goes "trooping," has cut down Signor Scotti's touring to a minimum. But he does not mind it so much as apparently he did when he became an impresario for the sake of seeing America.

In another collection of treasures in a cupboard at the Vanderbilt apartment are his favorite costumes, many of them exquisite affairs. Scotti takes a great interest in his costumes, and insists on their being "just right." He is, indeed, so careful of every detail that it takes him an hour and a half to get into the attire of "Falstaff," which includes so many pads that, according to Scotti, playing the part is almost as good as a Turkish bath.

That is not the only time he has electrified the traditionalists among Metropolitan audiences. On his first appearance here in "La Traviata," he ignored the custom of keeping the hat on at the beginning of the Father's scene with Violetta in order that he might mark his change of attitude toward her, after the first few words, by removing it. There were those who wondered how the politely hatless Scotti would contrive to show his new-born respect when the time came. But to an actor of his ability nothing was simpler; he expressed the change naturally, with his face, his posture, his tone of voice. Afterward he explained to the inquiring press that, "Even under the circumstances a gentleman would hardly keep his hat on in presence of a lady. And when Mme. Sembrich plays Violetta it is doubly impossible!"

To the inevitable question as to his favorite rôles, Scotti finds it difficult to reply. He loves them all so much that it is hard for him to pick out any one that has brought him the most happiness in the playing. He thought a long time before answering:

"Well, let us say Scarpia in 'Tosca,' Falstaff, and the Chinese villain, Chim-Fang, in 'L'Oracolo.'"

Certainly his favorites are all great acting as well as singing parts.

SULTAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

Rosita Forbes Sitting in Raisuli's Chair Outside Her Tent at Tazrut.

(Continued from Page 2)

and close-fisted. It took a long time to teach them their lessons.'

From this period date the fabulous tales of el Raisuli's cunning and audacity, for he had everything to appeal to the imagination of a lawless and adventurous race. There were many bands of brigands in Morocco at that time, for the authority of the Sultan's Government was so attenuated as to be negligible. Brigandage was a paying game.

"In those days," said Raisuli, "it began to be told of me that no ordinary bullet could touch me. I have heard that one of my enemies had a bullet of gold specially constructed, but, praise be to Allah, it flew wide and the man only wasted his money."

"It is said of my lord," interposed the slave gently, "that the one on his right and the one on his left shall fall, but he shall be untouched. Those who wish to gain heaven swiftly claim these posts in battle, and it has happened many times. Once, at the great fight at Wadi Ras, it was a Spaniard who stood beside him, and my lord told him to go, and he would not, and whutt! he was shot!"

"When my friends among the villages come to us for help," Raisuli continued, "we were swift in vengeance. Once robbers carried off all the stored corn of a poor family left defenseless against the Winter. We followed and caught them while they slept, and for a punishment tied up the robbers in the sacks, securely weighted with stones. We left them on a ledge in the mountains and brought the corn back to the poor family."

"What happened to the robbers?"

"Allah alone knows."

"By the time Mulai Hassan, the then Sultan, heard of my affairs," said Raisuli, "I had an army in the mountains, and every man obeyed me because of my strength and knowledge. There are caves in Beni Msauer where a company may be hidden and hear the feet of their pursuers overhead. In this land I lived and fought the forces of the Maghsen (Sultanate). The soldiers of Mulai Hassan went here and there like dogs which have lost the scent.

"We had a password, and one night some men below our camp gave it, adding that troops of the Maghsen approached up a gully on the right. Away we went to the left. It was a trick, we had fallen into an ambush, but Allah was with us, and they fled. We had some silver buried in the place where we had encamped, so I went back with two men to fetch it. We went noiselessly, and there was the man who had betrayed us searching for traces of our hoard. When he saw my face he screamed once—only once. He was a coward that one! We tore out his tongue.

"At last the European politicians in Tangiers protested to the Sultan, who sent a letter to Abderrahman Abd es Sadiq, Bey of Tangiers, demanding my capture. 'Your head or his,' wrote Mulai Hassan, and Sidi Abderrahman began to feel the strength of his shoulder-bones! There is no fear for a man to worry about his fate. What is written is written. There was one El Roghbit who was captured by the mehalla of Mulai Hassan. He was shut in a small cage made of his own gun barrels and taken to Fez. After he had been hung on the wall for days for the people to see, the lions had what was left of him. That was in old Morocco. You have done away with these arrangements. To what purpose?

"Many joined me in those days, and I grew rich, but I took nothing from the poor. To them I gave much and they blessed me. With my share of the money made under the noses of the Sultan's troops I bought land. One day a collector of taxes came to my brother and said: 'This house is not really yours. Give me certain cattle and sheep and I will say nothing.' I came to the house while my brother was still arguing. I expounded the law of inheritance to the tax collector, citing him verses from the Koran. As he was still obstinate I cut off his head and sent it in a basket of fruit to Sidi Abderrahman. The Bey began to wonder if his own head would soon follow, and he took counsel."

The result of this consultation was an invitation to Raisuli to visit the Bey of Tangiers. An entertainment was held in his honor, and the mountain leader was overcome by the Bey's servants and sent in chains to Mogador.

"At first I was chained in the patio of the Kasbah," Raisuli said, "a collar around my neck riveted to the wall. The sun used to creep across the court till it licked my feet, then my knees, so that my whole body burned and the sweat ran down into my eyes. There was no time, only torture. Days burned and nights froze so that my bones rattled against the wall. Men of the mountains who were my friends came down to watch over me and brought me food and water.

"One of my jailers hated me, and one day when the sun was like fire he upset the jar of water beside me. When he saw the drops trickle into the dust he laughed, and I would have thrown myself down to suck them from the filth but for the chain about my neck. My hand went out for the support of the walls and Allah provided a stone! I threw it with all my force, and the man dropped, the bones of his head showing and the blood running out faster than the water he had spilled.

"After that they put me in a dungeon that was dark except for a little window, so that the sun never came in and the light but for a few minutes at midday. Here I was chained to two other prisoners, and one of them was too weak to support the weight of his fetters, so we lifted him between us when he would have moved. I saw it in his face that he would soon die, so I occupied his attention reciting the Koran.

"It is good for a man to suffer. Here one sees with one's eyes and does not consider. In prison one uses the eyes of the mind. I reflected deeply on my life and saw my mistakes. I knew that I should be free, for my luck is indestructible, but when I did not know. It is useless to fight against the fate which is ordained before man is born. All must accept the will of Allah, but poets die in prison and politicians are born! 'What will you do when you are free?' asked the men who were with me, but, though I wanted but two things, vengeance and my books, I would tell nobody my thoughts.

"One morning the man on my right did not answer. They had altered the chains so I could not touch him. We had to wait until nearly noon when light came faintly and we could see that he was dead. Rats came and ate the feet and legs, but truly he was mostly bones and their meal was poor. When at last the corpse was taken away the collar had sunk so deeply into the flesh that they had to tear it off, and it remained empty as a witness of man's destiny.

"All this time my friends worked for me, and I was put in a better cell. A man of the Beni Aros brought me a loaf of bread with his lips pursed between his fingers. I broke it open at night, and there was a file inside. Then, for many days, months probably, I worked when it was dark, till I had cut through each bar."

Outside at last and past bribed sentries, Raisuli stood in a street of Mogador.

"Two soldiers of the Maghsen came round the corner," the Sherif continued his narrative. "I sprang suddenly before they saw me. One went down beneath the weight of iron I carried, and I killed him with my hands. The other ran screaming. There was alarm in the town. I could hear a drum beating as I lay behind a buttress of the wall, but now I had a rifle and ammunition. I was a warrior again! When soldiers of the Maghsen appeared I looked along the barrel of the rifle and said to myself: 'That old one on the right is not of much use.' So I fired at him and he died. A shower of bullets like crickets shot over my head, but in those days the troops did not use the sights of their rifles, so no missile went near me. There was much talk but no more shots were fired, and at last the Governor came and spoke persuasively. 'You are one against 300. What can you do? Give yourself up, and I promise you I will intercede with the Sultan for you.'

"It was a curious sight for the townspeople who crowded on the roofs to see us—a prisoner in chains who treated with the Governor at the head of a troop! It was written that I should not escape, for the sea was behind me and the troops of the Maghsen in front. So I said to the Kaid: 'Swear to me before Allah that you will obtain my release and say the Fatha (the first verses of the Koran) as a covenant between us, in the presence of these soldiers, and I will give myself up.'"

The Kaid of Mogador kept his promise, and as Sultan Mulai Hassan was dead and his son, Abdul Aziz ruled in his stead, there was little difficulty in pardoning a prisoner of the preceding reign. According to el Raisuli, he left prison imbued with the desire for a life of study.

"I wished to live in a secluded place, where there was much sun and space," he explained, "and yet I wished to hear the voices of women babbling about common things. You permit me to say that generally the conversation of women does not interest me much, but in prison one loses a sense of proportion."

The Sherif did not tell me a consecutive story, for often he would think of incidents that he had omitted and indulge in much repetition in order to bring out a certain anecdote, but, at different times, he reviewed most of his life with a wealth of detail. Of course, the episodes that most interested him and upon which he dwelt at length were often not those which would appeal to a European biographer. In retrospect, however, all the main events of his career were covered in his narrative in my tent or in the garden. His kidnapping of Perdicaris, the naturalized American, and McLean, Scottish drillmaster of the Sultan's troops, which acts resulted in Raisuli's appointment as Governor of Tangiers and enabled him to build his palace at Asella, and the twelve years of alternate warfare and alliance with the Spaniards, during which he was proclaimed Sultan of the mountains and leader of a holy war against the infidel—these are the high lights of his amazing life as he unfolded it to me.

My notes were scribbled in the wildest confusion as I grasped the meaning of the Moorish dialect, or as the interpreter rendered it in French, but I got quite used to writing them up while a violent argument was going on between the Spaniard and three or four Arabs as to whether a soldier found wounded in the mountains had been fired upon by a tribesman, or had accidentally shot himself. The Moorish voices rose to a pitch that would indicate incipient murder in any other country, as they reveled in the game at which they excelled—prevarication!—and I admired the persistence of the interpreter in outscreaming them. The fate of that soldier haunted my stay at Tazrut, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I managed to exclude him from my book!

The day I left there was a crowd of servitors at the gate. I looked curiously at Raisuli and wondered how much of the real man I knew, for here was but a courteous host speeding a guest he was anxious to honor. Mulai Sadiq was already astride his red-saddled mule, his scarlet prayer-rug, the only luggage he carried with him, laid across the pommel. Badr ed Din and the Kaid murmured farewells—"Ma Salamah," (with safety). "Let not this be your last visit!" "Allah keep you; may the way be easy!" Then Ghabah seized my stirrup and I mounted amid a chorus of good wishes.

"Allah take you in safety to your country and may your desire bring you back to us," said the Sherif and, as he stood framed in the archway, with his people a step or two below him, I caught a glimpse of the other Raisuli, who could never refuse the prayer of a woman and who sent three times to the mountain to fetch a half-starved yellow cat.

It was not till we were nearing the sanctuary of Sidi Musa beyond the hills of Beni Aros that Mulai Sadiq asked me, "Well, was your visit good? Are you satisfied?"

I nodded, remembering rather wistfully those days spent in a strange world, wondering how much or how little I had learned in them. "Wallah," said the old man, peering at me over the edge of his yellow spectacles, "this will not be your last visit, for the Sherif's baraka has affected you already."

(Other chapters of the amazing life of Raisuli will be told in a second article by Mrs. Forbes in the Magazine Section next Sunday.)

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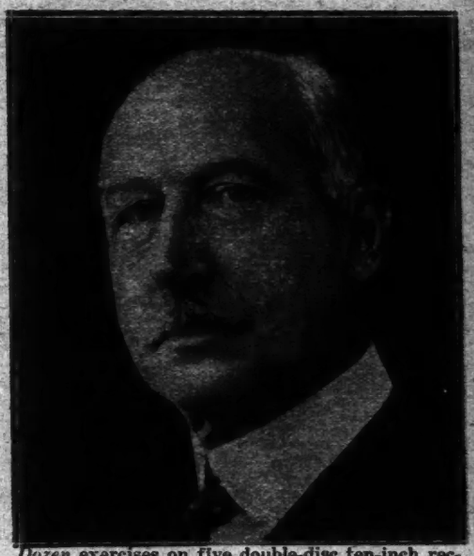

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